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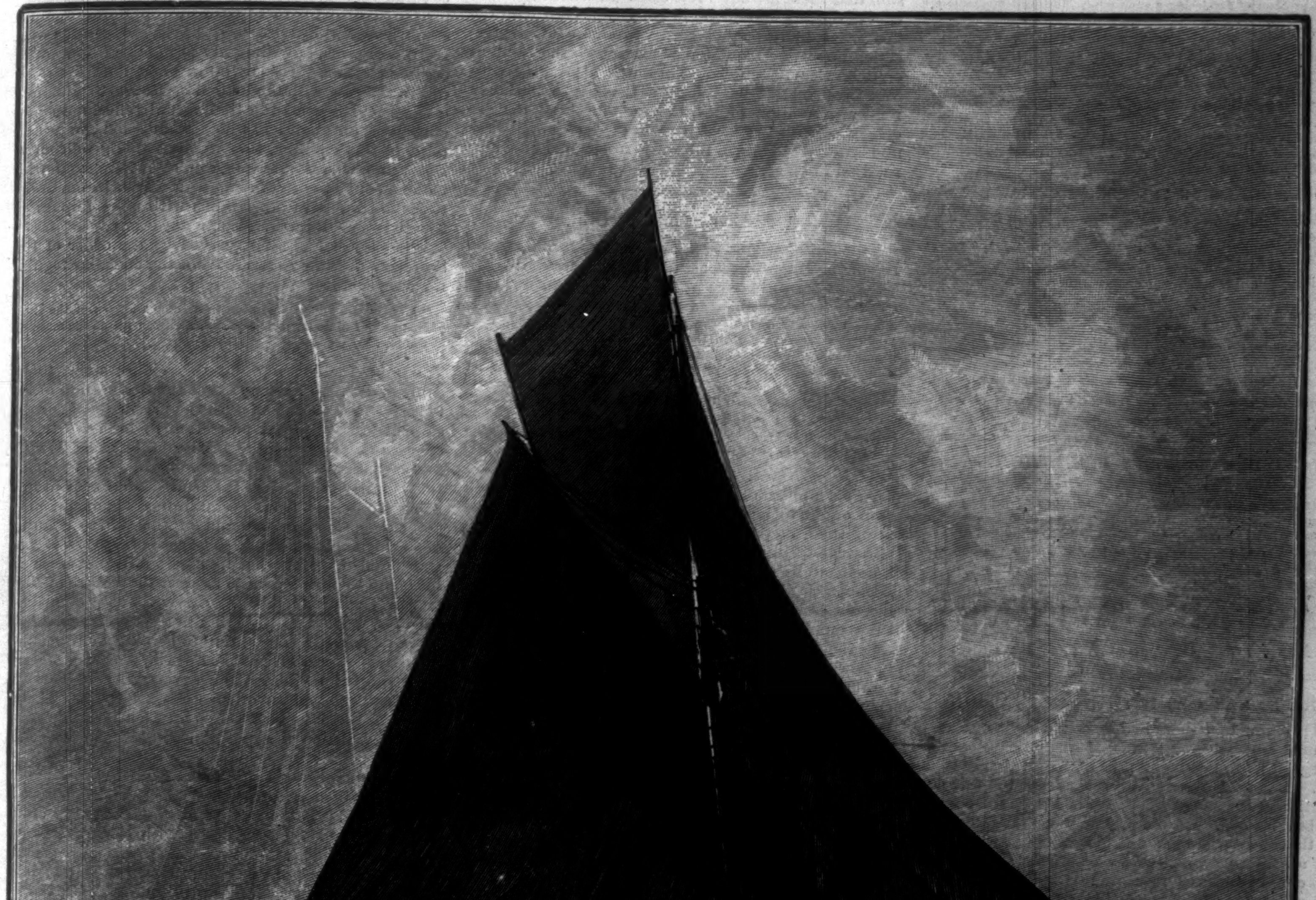

THE BRITISH CUTTER YACHT "GENESTA," CHALLENGER FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.—[SEE PAGE 375.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1885.

THE SENATE AND THE NOMINATIONS.

THE report that there had been a caucus or a common understanding among Republican Senators in regard to the confirmation of nominations is denied. But undoubtedly the question of the fair construction of the Senatorial power of advice and consent will be reopened. The old practice, when the President and the Senate were in political sympathy, was to confirm all nominations to which no substantial objections could be made. It was in this way that removals were effected, and the responsibility was thrown upon the President. Gradually, however, the practice arose in the Senate of deferring to the wishes of the Senators from the State in which the appointment was to be made. This was an abuse which transferred the real power to the Senator by compelling the President to be governed in the nomination by the Senator's advice. This is the usage known as the usurpation of the Senate. It was because the Senate disregarded this practice, and confirmed Mr. ROBERTSON as Collector of New York against the protest of Mr. CONKLING, that Mr. CONKLING resigned his seat. On the other hand, the President has been sometimes compelled to abandon selections of his own, and accept those made for him by Senators. There is no remedy for the abuse except the individual patriotism of Senators. "For," as WASHINGTON said in the first months of his Presidency, "as the President has a right to nominate without assigning his reasons, so has the Senate a right to dissent without giving theirs."

In the present condition of the law the result of a persistent difference of opinion between the President and the Senate would leave an office in abeyance. During the recess the President may suspend any officer who holds for a specified term, except judges, and can designate some person to discharge the duties of the office. Within thirty days after the meeting of the Senate he must nominate a person to take the place of the suspended officer, and he need give no reasons for the suspension. If the Senate does not confirm, he must nominate another person as soon as practicable. If the Senate still refuses to confirm, the suspended officer does not resume the office, which remains in abeyance until filled by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

In the case of President CLEVELAND'S appointments of persons to replace suspended officers, it is alleged that the Senate will refuse to assent to displacements for partisan reasons solely. But this would hardly secure the object sought. The law does not say that the suspended officer shall resume his place, while it directs the President to make a second nomination. The Senate's refusal to assent would not therefore replace the suspended officer, although it would prevent the person nominated by the President from taking the office. In other words, the offensive Democratic partisan would not be confirmed, but the offensive Republican partisan would be removed. We should be very glad, however, if the statement in the *Tribune* were true, that Republican Senators had decided to refuse to consent to displacement for mere partisan reasons,

"except in the few cases where, by common consent, it is agreed that official incumbents should be men in political accord with the Administration. It is understood that officers of internal revenue and customs, postmasters, and minor officials in other branches of public service were not regarded as falling within the category of exceptions."

When Republican Senators have reached the conclusion that there are but "few cases" in which administrative officers should be in political accord with the Executive, and propose honestly to adhere to that principle, they will go dangerously near to being thought civil service reformers. They will also agree with WASHINGTON that "the spirit of the government may render a rotation of the *elective* officers of it more congenial with the ideas [the people have] of liberty and safety." That is the only reasonable and safe rotation in office.

A SUGGESTIVE SNEER.

THE Buffalo *Courier*, a Democratic journal, speaking of the Mugwumps, asks, with fine sarcasm:

"Would it not be well for them to nominate and elect a State ticket this year, and take the control of public affairs altogether out of the hands of the corrupt old parties? They might elect candidates representing all the virtues and all the talents, who would be chosen in a convention made up of delegates from unstuffed caucuses, whose action would be above the influence of party prejudice, personal passion, or greed for power. The canvass could be conducted without resort to any species of political organization, the Independent speakers and writers depending altogether upon the simple consideration that every man with political convictions or party affiliations is a liar, a thief, and a traitor to the State."

There is a pleasant old proverb which describes those who ought to laugh, and it might be unkind to remind the *Courier* that except for the Mugwumps its party candidate would not have been elected. Indeed, it seems to be a singularly unfortunate moment for a Democratic journal to sneer at decency and honesty in politics, since except for the voters who believe that those qualities are not absolutely fatal to political action the Democratic party would be still in the shade of familiar defeat. If the *Courier* would reflect for a moment it would perhaps see that it is precisely the spirit and view which its sneer discloses that defeated the Republican party at the late election. The feeling that Republicans who protested against all kinds of abuses for which the party was responsible were mere sentimental scolds and canting Pharisaic hypocrites—as the late HUGH HASTINGS used pleasantly to call them—who would snarl and spit until election day, and then vote the regular ticket: this feeling and its inevitable result nearly overwhelmed the Republican party in 1876, and defeated it in 1884.

The trouble with the gentlemen who pride themselves upon being "practical politicans" is that they are visionary, unpractical, and dull. They have not yet learned that there is nothing so strong as a sentiment or a principle. The sneer of the Buffalo *Courier* is the same old sneer that was directed in 1848 and '50 and '53 at the Free-Soilers and Conscience Whigs and early Republicans. They were the people who at that time were taunted as monopolizing all the virtues and the talents, as assuming to be better than WASHINGTON and wiser than MADISON, and as holding the fathers of the Constitution to be liars, thieves, and traitors. But the Whig and Democratic politicians and newspapers that affected to despise them lacked the sense to perceive that Americans who insisted upon justice and honesty would carry the day. If our political history establishes anything, it is the truth of this proposition. And certainly it is not less true now than it has always been. If the Democratic party in New York should act in the spirit of the Buffalo *Courier*, and contemptuously spurn the counsels that recommend it to nominate candidates who stand for reform, clean politics, and progress, and the Republican party should heed them, the Republicans would and should carry the State.

After all, it is hardly a super-celestial excess of virtue to require that candidates for the highest public trusts should be above personal suspicion; that they should have enlarged and intelligent views of public policy; that they should be actuated in office by public and not by private or merely partisan considerations; that they should be something more than pettifogging politicians, and by their known views and conduct and character should satisfy the voter that measures and policies that he approves would be forwarded by their election. This is not only not an extreme Pharisaism, and not a premature invasion of the heavenly state, but it is simple common-sense, and peculiarly American; and, moreover, it is just what is demanded by enough voters in New York to decide the election. The sneers of Republican papers at what they call professional reformers do not terrify the friends of reform from prosecuting the good work, and to some substantial results. The Democratic vituperation of "Woolly Heads," and "Black Republicans," and "sectional partisans," was not very appalling to original Republicans. In like manner the gentle baptism of Goody-goody will hardly prevent Independent Republicans and other Independents from saying what kind of candidates ought to be nominated, and from supporting those whose election promises most for good government.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

A DISPOSITION to cheapen American citizenship is certainly not to be encouraged. For the defense of every person duly naturalized and admitted to citizenship the whole power of the government should be employed. But it is not desirable to make this country the practical basis of offensive operations against countries with which we are at peace by persons who are not citizens, but who only profess an intention to become citizens. Those who in good faith desire to cast in their lot with the United States and to renounce other allegiance, adding their intelligence, industry, enterprise, and political interest and good conduct to those of this country, this country gladly welcomes. But those whose interests are elsewhere, and who make a convenience of American citizenship in order to make trouble in other lands with more impunity, this country does not welcome nor desire.

The subject has been revived by the order of the Secretary of State to strike from the consular regulations this clause:

"A declaration of an intention to become a citizen of the United States does not constitute a person a citizen within the meaning of the law."

The order for striking out this clause seems to be equivalent to an assertion that the declaration of intention invests a person with the privileges of citizenship, at least so far as protection in foreign lands is concerned. There is probably no doubt, as Dr. WOOLSEY says, that within the limits of the law of nations this is fairly the duty of the United States. But this is very different from maintaining "incipient allegiance" against the demand of the native country of the incomplete citizen. The case of KOSZTA is constantly cited. But what we asserted in that case was his claim to our protection against the seizure of Austria in Turkish territory. KOSZTA was a domiciled stranger in the United States, not yet a citizen. But he had declared his intention to become a citizen, and he had an American passport. The Austrian officers in seizing him violated the sovereignty of Turkey, and so committed an offense against the law of nations. But had he been seized by Austria within Austrian jurisdiction the question would have been different.

This is a very different question, also, from that of the rights of a naturalized American citizen in his native land. Those rights are those of every other citizen. The BANCROFT treaty with North Germany holds that residence for two years in his native country may be interpreted as an intent of the German to renounce his American naturalization. This arrangement was a compromise with the absolute demand of Germany to enforce her military laws against all her native subjects. To insist, as Mr. KASSON properly holds, that the intent shall be declared by the German, is to assert the broad claim of citizenship. It may be inconvenient, and undoubtedly citizenship would be abused by those who came to the United States merely to trade, intending to make a fortune and return to Germany to spend it and enjoy it. This is an abuse and an inconvenience. But if we admit foreigners to naturalization and citizenship, some abuses and inconveniences are inevitable. There can not be two kinds of citizens, and when a man has once become an American citizen he enters upon all the rights belonging to that condition. Meanwhile our policy is evident. The more that circumstances expose us to the abuse of citizenship in the United States, the more stringently must we protect ourselves against such abuses by preventing a too easy acquisition of the privilege.

A CONSERVATIVE ENGLISH VIEW.

THE one striking fact in English politics to observers in this country is that with all the alleged hostility to Mr. GLADSTONE, and his asserted surrender of British honor, the rabid denunciations of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and the scornful caricatures of *Punch*, he still holds a majority in Parliament. An English Conservative writes: "A combination of causes is paralyzing England, or she would have thrown out the present Government long ago, and dealt very differently with Russia. The more immediate cause at this crisis is the half-completed extension of the franchise, which makes it uncertain what the voice of a full public opinion may be, and so makes the action of leaders hesitating and ineffective. A similar cause paralyzes the Government itself, for though it counts many clever men, it has hardly one wise one, and it and the party it leads (so-called Liberal) are made up

of sections so divided in opinion that, as a moving body, it must follow the line of least resistance. Its course is like a drunken man's.

"Then a morbid hankering for peace rules a large part of the population and its representatives, and too much of 'every man for himself and nobody for us all' kills public spirit. I have borne the country and its management a grudge for nearly ten years, and its present position is the result I have confidently looked forward to all that time. If the new electorate is properly informed, it will see that the very life of Great Britain is staked on the maintenance of continual and ample preparedness for war, and act accordingly. Much more is its capacity to do its proper work in the world so staked. No millennium for man should be reckoned on. Perhaps ruin may overtake the empire before this information can reach or be acted on by the electorate."

These are the views of Conservatives. The theory is that in a society of armed states the unarmed state is in great peril, and that a general disarmament of Europe can take place only by common consent and concert of action. But the military power of Continental states is maintained quite as much for domestic as for foreign reasons. The governments are threatened by democratic ideas and fears. This is by no means true of England, and although the GLADSTONE Government is undoubtedly friendly to peace, it does not appear that military preparations have been neglected, while the lamentable Egyptian expedition was rather imposed upon the Ministry by popular demand than sought by it. It is, however, the test of a ministry as of an executive officer of great trust, that it is able, having heard all sides, to pursue its own course, the course which it believes to be best for the country. There is but one authentic way of learning public opinion in a free country, and that is by a free election. To that the GLADSTONE Government will soon resort, and as English elections, being free from the influence of petty patronage, are honest elections, with the exception of the money bribery, from which our own are not free, a genuine verdict upon the Administration will be given. The letter of the Conservative from which we have quoted indicates a great popular support of Mr. GLADSTONE in saying that there is "a morbid hankering for peace" among large bodies of the people. If, beside securing a peaceful settlement of the Russian trouble, the GLADSTONE Government should take a course in Ireland satisfactory to reasonable Irishmen, it is hardly probable that the English voters would wish to try the chances of a Tory and Jingo Administration.

SIGNS.

THE revocation of the commission of Mr. MEADE as a postmaster, in Mississippi, because of his conspicuous sympathy with a political murder, like the similar action in the case of Mr. BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, shows that the Administration is not bent, as has been alleged, upon propitiating the "Bourbon rebel sentiment." But to insist that every man who took the Southern part in the civil war is equally guilty with MEADE, and ought to be politically proscribed, is mere folly. If all the citizens of Southern States who were concerned in the war are now to be accounted criminals, how does it happen that from the day at Appomattox until this hour, during all which time the Republican party has been in power, not one such citizen, because of such participation, has been punished as a criminal, and that all, with the consent of the country, have resumed the privileges of citizens?

It is because the Republican policy was much too wise and humane to punish and proscribe, and it properly recognized that a great war, conducted with all the usages of war, could not be treated like a street riot. Does any intelligent and patriotic man really wish that the land had been covered with scaffolds and the prisons crowded with Confederate soldiers? If not, if the policy which LINCOLN would surely have approved was the true policy—if SUMNER's plea that battles with fellow-citizens should not be commemorated by name upon national flags was a wise and humane and patriotic plea—is it either wise or patriotic to try to renew the passions of that conflict in the politics of to-day?

One of the happy results of Mr. CLEVELAND's election is the revelation of the fact that our politics are not revolutionary, and that a change of party in the Executive does not threaten the stability of the government. There is no wish or purpose of revenge upon the part of those who fought for the Confederacy, and individual instances of a different spirit, as in the cases of MEADE and BLACKBURN, are rebuked by the Administration which the former Confederates support. A rancorous and stupid party spirit learns nothing. But these are signs of promise to patriotic Americans.

CONVICT LABOR IN NEW JERSEY.

IN New Jersey, as in New York and elsewhere, the opposition to the contract labor system in the State-prisons has led to its abolition, and the prisoners are about to enter upon the piece-price system. This is the plan in which the contractors furnish the material, and the prison the labor and the shop, retaining complete control of the workman. It has been tried with success by Mr. BROCKWAY at the Elmira Reformatory in this State, and is approved by him as allowing the proper discipline of the convicts.

An important contribution to the discussion of the subject is the report of the conference of the National Prison Association at Chicago last December, which was attended by delegates from fifteen States. The delegates were prison experts, and their statement of conclusions is very significant. It declares the absolute necessity of employment in order to secure the proper ends of punishment, and those purposes should decide the character of the work, which, so far as practicable, should avoid competition with labor out of the prisons. When these points have been settled, the question of pecuniary results may be entertained.

This is a view which fully recognizes the fact that the first object in prison management is, not to make prisons self-sustaining, but that imprisonment is intended at once to serve as a warning to evil-doers, and to be managed so as to promote the reformation of the offender into a useful citizen. The tendency of the contract system is hostile to the improvement of the convict. It aims to make him pecuniarily useful to the State in consideration of his support. The pecuniary view becomes the chief view, and the prison system is held by the public to be sound in proportion as the prisons are self-supporting or profitable. The experience and reflection of the prison experts at Chicago lead to totally different conclusions, and they will be approved by the wisest friends of the prisons.

THE GREAT STATUE.

As we write, the French ship of war *Isère*, bringing the BARTHOLDI statue, is on its way, and may arrive at any moment. At the same time, the fund for completing the pedestal yet lacks many thousands of dollars. Indeed, except for the energy of the *World*, the project of raising the necessary sum would seem to be hopeless. But the friends of the statue may recall with consolation that the building of the Bunker Hill Monument seemed often to be a hopeless enterprise, and that the work which was begun in 1825 was not completed until 1842.

It is no longer a question of accepting a gift. The statue has been accepted. Congress has designated a site upon which to place it. The pedestal is partly built, and the statue is at hand. The situation threatens to become embarrassing and painful. Our welcome of the French officers will be most cordial, but it will be also awkward. The traditions of the alliance will be invoked, the ancient friendship will be celebrated, but it will seem to be a little one-sided. Ardor of co-operation upon our part in the sculptured work of commemoration is somewhat wanting. For the first time in a friendly international movement of any kind we seem to be unequal to the occasion.

But the effort of the *World* has proved that the completion of the necessary subscription is possible. It has collected between $60,000 and $70,000 from as many different persons. That fact shows that there are persons enough to subscribe if they can be reached. The question is reduced to one of canvassing, and even if the *World's* collections should stop, an actual personal solicitation would undoubtedly secure the necessary amount.

THE SMALL POST-OFFICES.

MR. DWIGHT LAWRENCE, who is well known among the Republican politicians in New York, is reported as saying of the country postmasters in a recent interview upon the subject of the State election:

"Most of the work in the various country localities has in the past been done for the Republican party by them. They knew their neighbors; their stores were generally the rendezvous; but now, for fear of being construed 'offensive partisans,' they will be rather lukewarm, to say the least."

This is the abuse which justifies the removal of such officers. The post-office is properly a public office, not a party head-quarters, and it is reform to cause it to be regarded strictly as such. It follows, however, that it is not reform to exchange a Republican postmaster who promotes this abuse for a Democrat who does the same thing.

OCEAN RACING.

THE running down of a bark in a fog by the ocean steamer *City of Rome*, with the loss of more than twenty lives, was a catastrophe which has naturally excited a great deal of attention. The steamer, despite the fog and the collision and the icebergs, made a very rapid passage. It was, indeed, one of the shortest on record, and there is no doubt that there were hopes that it might be the shortest. Accounts differ as to the rate of speed at which the *City of Rome* was running; but the weight of testimony and the probability point to a full rate of speed.

About the time of the collision the steamer passed fifty or sixty icebergs, and the passengers who arrived safely in port must be very grateful that it was a bark, and not an iceberg, which the steamer struck. They must, however, have an uneasy consciousness, also, that it was a mere chance. Had the chance turned the other way, and had the steamer struck the iceberg, the sinking passengers would have had the consolation of knowing that they were sacrificed to the lofty purpose of making a passage in seven days, ten hours, and forty-nine minutes, instead of seven days, ten hours, and fifty-two minutes.

There has been a good deal of fun over the reported answer of the authorities of the Cunard Line to the complaint of a passenger that the food during the voyage had been both bad and insufficient, and that his room was not as clean as a state-room should be: "Yes, but, my dear sir, are you aware that this line has never lost a life?" The reply was certainly a *non sequitur*. But if such must be the choice, what sensible passenger would not prefer a steamer with inadequate food and untidy quarters, which would carry him safely, to a perfectly appointed vessel so bent upon beating the record that she can take no account of fogs and icebergs?

PERSONAL.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON, the poet and Provençal scholar, and sister-in-law of "Stonewall" JACKSON, is slowly becoming blind, owing to some malady of the eyes, at her home in Lexington, Virginia, where she has long been the centre of a delightful and cultivated circle. PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON, the poet, who is entirely blind, maintains a correspondence, by the aid of the type-writer, with PAUL HAYNE, the South Carolina poet, and it is the custom of MRS. HAYNE to write long letters to Mrs. PRESTON, in which are transcribed certain interesting literary passages from Mr. MARSTON's letters, which were indited with this end in view.

—The story that CAROLUS DURAN, the painter, manifests jealousy of the success of his distinguished American pupil, JOHN L. SARGENT, is a piece of foolish fiction. M. DURAN is not that sort of man.

—While in New York Miss CLEVELAND visited Mrs. TORRY's Kindergarten school on Leonard Street, where little Italians are taught, and on her return to Washington she wrote a letter expressing a wish that "every fashionable woman and every other woman in your great city" would see the school, as there was "so much to learn from those wonderful, utterly neglected, beautiful, clever, dreadful, dirty little things."

—The English newspapers are asking, What shall be done with RIEL, the leader of the half-breed revolt in Canada? The *Times* says: "He has now for the second time had a hand in stirring up murderous outrages. To have encouraged an Indian war, with its attendant horrors and cruelties, is to have placed himself almost beyond hope of mercy." The *News* explains that "however criminal was RIEL's method of seeking redress for grievances, the grievances against which he rose in armed rebellion were by no means imaginary. The Canadian government can afford to be generous." The *Post* thinks that fifteen years ago he was treated with a leniency which many Canadians at the time thought to be a serious mistake. "The clemency shown to him and his followers has been wasted." The *Telegraph* remarks that a leader hanged or shot is made into a martyr, and that the North never dreamed of putting JEFF DAVIS to death, "the chief of the greatest rebellion of this country, who caused a loss of life and a prolonged misery compared with which RIEL's offenses are utterly insignificant."

—The Ameer of Afghanistan claims to be descended from the ancient Israelites. Strangers often comment upon his Jewish physiognomy. One of his predecessors, being asked if he was a Jew, replied, "We marry a brother's wife, and give a daughter no inheritance—are we not therefore children of Israel?"

—A noble peer in the House of Lords suddenly fell down in a fit, and in the absence of doctors who were peers, commoners had to be called in. The *Lancet* improves the occasion to remark that the custom which refuses to make a peer out of a doctor is not only a laborious breach of good manners, but very crabbed and wondrously weak. Still, it does not believe that "the medical profession stands in urgent need of such royal countenance as would be involved in bedecking one of its members with a coronet."

—A reviewer complains of the abundance of "very feminine fiction," that is to say, fiction which centres not only around women, but around those motives, actions, and characteristics which nine out of ten men consider especially feminine. He quotes this illustration from a recent novel: "Oh, dear Mr. Moore, don't forget all about me, now you have gone away. I shall die if you do. Papa is very unkind to me, and I don't care for any lawn tennis or anything. I was in bed quite ill for two days, and I am never hungry now."

—Before VICTOR HUGO's funeral, one of the leading Paris journals, the *Français*, protested against the effort to make the ceremonies conspicuously atheistic. It would be unbecoming, it said, to tear the cross from the tomb of the man who wrote:

> Vous qui pleurez, venez à ce Dieu, car il pleure;
> Vous qui souffrez, venez à lui, car il guérit;
> Vous qui tremblez, venez à lui, car il sourit;
> Vous qui passez, venez à lui, car il demeure.

—Queen VICTORIA is at her Highland home, Balmoral Castle, and will stay there until the middle of July. The journey from Windsor was made at night in the strictest privacy, and only at Aberdeen the next day were the public admitted to the railway station. Her Majesty was looking better in health and spirits than at any previous time in two years. Four ladies and three gentlemen, including a physician, were in her suite, and four princesses and one prince accompanied her. On the 20th of next June she will have reigned forty-eight years. Only nine sovereigns of England since the Norman conquest have lived longer than she.

—The late blind Postmaster-General of England, Professor FAWCETT, is to have a national memorial, and at a meeting called for the purpose Lord J. MANNERS applied to him the words of ARMAND CARREL:

> The people, in truth, were to him as dear
> As the love of fair lady to brave chevalier;
> But a wrong to conviction he would not endure,
> And he fought for his love when he fought for the poor.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury says that he has read many chapters of the revised Old Testament, but has not been able to detect those faults of rhythm which have been spoken of in the revised New Testament. This leads him to hope that the revised Bible will become "as dear to our successors as the unrevised volume has been to us."

—Count PASOLINI, late President of the Senate of Italy, wrote to his son: "I have no wish to be a domineering, tiresome old man, and if it pleases God to give you an enlightened understanding, I know you will go on well without advice from me. For this I pray earnestly as the first of blessings to be desired for you."

—The late Governor of Milan, having received a visit from GARIBALDI, wrote of his noble aspect, fine voice, and pure and agreeable language; also of his modest demeanor in spite of the almost divine honors heaped upon him. "My father said, 'I felt myself a Garibaldian all that evening.'"

—A boy at King's College School, London, was so knocked about by his companions that he died of spine disease. The inquest showed that it is the habit in that institution to compel the younger lads after dinner to run between rows of their elders in the corridors, and take as much as the fists of the latter can give them.

—Mrs. LUCIE M. BUCKNER, editor of the Braidentown (Florida) *Progress*, sent the following letter to the owner of the paper on the 2d of May: "I was married this morning, and therefore am compelled to resign my position as editor. I have no further interest in the *Progress*, and do not care what you do with it."

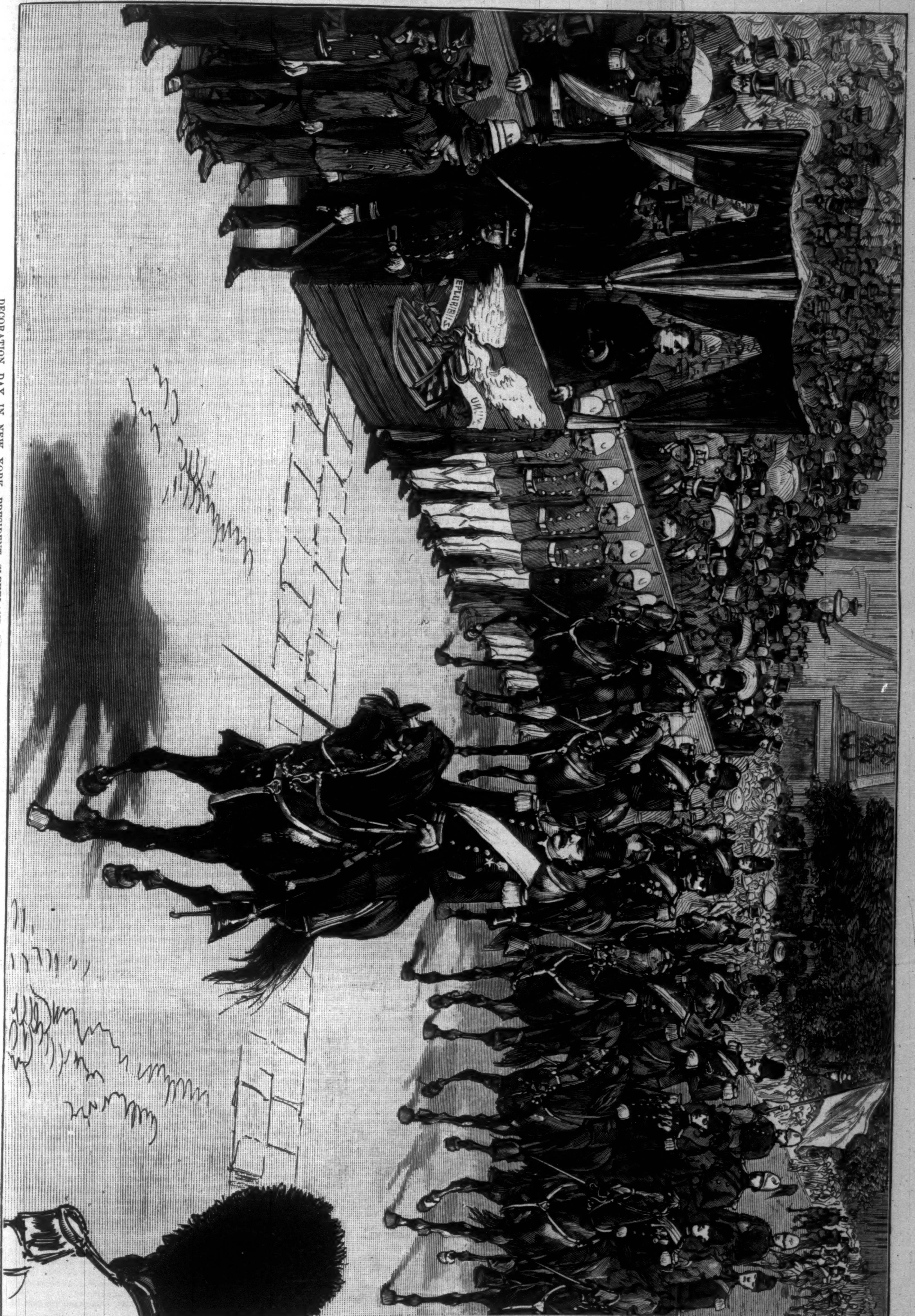
—The statue of General CUSTER which was erected at West Point has been taken down and hidden away through the efforts of his widow. Both in spirit and execution it was too trying for her and for his brother officers. The General was represented as brandishing his weapons, one in each hand, after the manner of a bandit at bay in a Bowery melodrama. It is believed that no public statue in this country was ever before removed from its site because it was neither art nor verisimilitude.

—Says the *Saturday Review*: "We can hardly suppose that the great transatlantic steam-ship companies desire their ships to be turned into gambling hells, and yet it is impossible summarily to reject all the statements to that effect which come from many sources."

—A traveller in western Texas describes the impression made upon him by an "entertainment" provided by two cow-boys, who, having caught a wild-cat, put it in a ring sixty feet wide, and then introduced seven mongrel hounds and a mastiff. It took the dogs fully twenty minutes to kill the cat. "I felt a throb of pity for him as he looked upward with that half-questioning, half-sympathetic, and peculiarly intent look which characterizes certain beasts of prey, and I turned away with a painful impression of the large, deep, emerald eyes." He asked a cow-boy, "How do the wild-cats live?" "Chiefly by leaping on the backs of antelopes and disembowelling them with their hind-legs," was the reply. This had the effect of considerably toning down his sympathy.

"NO PRESSURE STRONG ENOUGH TO CHANGE THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY."—N. Y. HERALD, *May* 30.

WHITELAW REID. "If the South or your Administration still refuse to do something outrageous, the public *may* lose faith in my predictions."



DECORATION DAY IN NEW YORK—PRESIDENT CLEVELAND REVIEWING THE PROCESSION.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 375.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. de Mersac," "Thirlby Hall," etc.

CHAPTER XL.

ADRIAN'S LAST ATTEMPT.

Adrian walked home in a white heat, and his anger was only to a small extent against Wilbraham. The man had insulted him grossly and stupidly, and he had done what he could to avenge the insult. If he had not exactly succeeded in washing it out in blood, that did not signify so very much, after all. What hurt him far more than anything that Wilbraham could say was the thought that Clare had complained of her lot to an outsider. Had he been less incensed, he would have known that to complain to an outsider was about the last thing that she was likely to do; but he had not all his wits about him, and he was under the impression that Wilbraham had given himself out as being in some sort Mrs. Vidal's spokesman as well as her champion. That was the last straw! It was rather hard that, with the sense of his wrongs strong upon him, he should have to go straight to Clare and make a humiliating confession; but there was no help for it: the confession must be made. To confine himself to the bare announcement that he had been extravagant, and must retrench, would—though disagreeable enough—be plain sailing. Many a man is compelled to make such announcements to his wife; and she, if she be worthy of the name of wife, will be pretty sure to try and console him instead of reproaching him. But Adrian rather doubted whether he would be able to stop there, and doubted still more whether anything would be gained by proceeding farther. He bitterly regretted now that he had put himself in the wrong by pretending to flirt with women whom he neither liked nor respected. If he accused Clare of having traduced him to a third person, she would have an answer ready to which it might not be easy to find a rejoinder; for the legal maxim of "the greater the truth, the greater the libel," is one which has never yet commended itself to feminine minds. On reaching Alexandra Gardens he turned and walked back for some distance, and then turned again, debating with himself whether he should tell Clare of his encounter with Wilbraham or not; and when at length he entered his house he had reached no decision.

He had still several hours in which to cool down and consider himself, for he found Georgina in the drawing-room, and presently De Wynt, who had been asked to dine, came in. Unfortunately, however, the presence of De Wynt did not serve to soothe Adrian's irritated nerves. Why is it that during the interval which separates betrothal from marriage ninety-nine couples out of a hundred become a standing affliction to all who are forced to dwell under the same roof with them? Why are they forever exchanging meaning glances? Why must they needs indulge in mute demonstrations which everybody in the room sees perfectly plainly, but which they absurdly assume to be visible only to themselves? What strong delusion possesses them, that they seem to take a positive pride in conduct which they would ridicule and despise in anybody else? A happy thing it is for them that they speedily forget this period of insanity—forget it as we have all forgotten the time when we were red and squalling infants. But those who saw us as infants do not forget the circumstance. They may forget a good deal about us, but they never forget that, and never fail to remind us of it. Nor is the behavior of engaged lovers ever forgotten by those unfortunates who have chanced to be shut up in the house with them for a few days. Let young lovers bear this in mind and tremble.

The worst of it is that age would seem to be no safeguard against the above-mentioned malady. Georgina and De Wynt—neither of whom was in the first blush of youth—were quite as ridiculous as any boy and girl; and even Clare, heartily as she rejoiced in the engagement which she had done her best to bring about, was obliged to admit that they were not the best of company at this time. De Wynt was by far the greater offender of the two. Georgina, true to her principle of self-effacement, simply did what he told her, and appeared to delight in this unwonted attitude of compliance; but he—whether because he wished to indemnify himself for many years of sober common-sense, or because he really was not responsible for his actions—went on in a way which was found very trying by his future brother-in-law, and which did little credit to his reputation for tact.

"I say, Vidal, you are not really busy just now: what should you say to our giving ourselves a three or four days' holiday on the river?" he began, in a sort of "let's-all-be-happy-together" tone, as soon as he had taken his place at the dinner table. "We would take it easy, you know, you and I pulling, and one of the ladies steering for us; and whenever we thought we had had enough work, we could stop a night at one of those jolly little river-side inns. Don't you think that's a first-rate idea?"

"I dare say it is," answered Adrian, shortly; "but unfortunately I couldn't manage to get away at present."

"Oh, bosh!" returned De Wynt; "you can if you choose. Mrs. Vidal, *you* get him to come. He won't refuse you."

Clare said: "I doubt whether either of you would be equal to the exertion of pulling up-stream for several days. Besides, it might come on to rain."

But De Wynt was not to be discouraged. He now turned to Georgina, and, with one of those pregnant glances which have been alluded to above as characteristic of the betrothed lover, persisted: "We should all enjoy it. You would, wouldn't you? And so would Mrs. Vidal—and so would Vidal, really. They only want to be stirred up. Do use your eloquence upon them."

"I think it would be great fun," responded the submissive Georgina.

Thereupon Adrian lost patience and exclaimed: "It would, indeed! We should be a gay and frolicsome party. Only, as I can't possibly go, I am afraid we shall have to content ourselves with keeping up our usual flow of uproarious jollity at home."

He knew perfectly well what De Wynt was driving at, and was not ungrateful to the little man, whose good intentions he recognized; but it was rather exasperating to be treated as though he and his wife were a couple of children who had had a tiff, and must be reconciled by older and wiser persons.

De Wynt was silenced for the time being; but he returned to the charge repeatedly in the course of the evening, employing all kinds of transparent stratagems to get Clare and Adrian to speak to one another, suggesting various absurd projects, and accepting the snubs which he thus brought down upon himself with the most inexorable good-humor.

Toward eleven o'clock he rose to depart. Adrian, as in duty bound, begged him to stay a little longer and smoke a cigar, trusting that the invitation would not be accepted, yet experiencing a slight chill of disappointment when it was declined. Most of us, as we stand upon the dentist's door-step, have just the shadow of a faint hope that he may not be at home; but he always is at home, and we should be justly indignant with him if he were not. By the time that Adrian had shut the front door behind his guest he had overcome his momentary longing for a reprieve, and only wished to get through the coming bad quarter of an hour as speedily as might be. He walked back to the foot of the staircase and called to Clare, who was just preparing to ascend to her bedroom.

"Would you mind coming into the study for a few minutes?" he asked.

She looked a little startled, he thought; but she turned at once and came down. Presently she followed him into the little room, which was but partially lighted by the shaded lamp upon the writing-table, and silently awaited his pleasure. Neither of them sat down.

"I wanted to tell you," Adrian began, looking away from her as he spoke, "that I have got into difficulties. I have made much less this year than I expected to make; our expenses have been heavier than I thought they would be, and to-day I heard of the loss of some money which I had invested in the *Anglo-Saxon*. The upshot of it all is that we shall have to make a change in our manner of living."

He glanced quickly at Clare when he had made this brief statement; but she did not reply, nor did she seem to be in any way moved.

"I am very sorry about it," he went on, after a pause. "I have been unlucky, but I have been imprudent too, and I certainly owe you an apology. Perhaps I ought also to apologize for having written a stupid book which nobody will buy. I might have known that I am not the sort of writer to make money."

"It will be easy to economize," said Clare, quietly.

Adrian was not sure that he quite liked this indifference. "It will be necessary; I don't know about its being easy," he observed. "We shall have to make sacrifices—to give up this house, for instance."

Then for the first time Clare exhibited some sign of interest. "Shall we go away from London?" she asked.

"Is that the only thing that you care about?" cried Adrian, irritably. "No, I don't suppose we shall leave London. I don't think it would be wise to do so; I don't see any reason for our doing so. Why should we?"

"I don't like London."

"Well," said Adrian, subduing his impatience, "that is a reason, no doubt. The only question is, would you be any happier in the country? You are not happy here; I am quite aware of that."

To this Clare made no reply.

"Yet you might be. At least, I think you might. To live always with a man whom you distrust and suspect—that is enough to make any one unhappy. But is it so certain that you are right to distrust and suspect me? Just ask yourself the question. Why have we been strangers all this long, weary time? Has it been worth while? Has there been any real cause for it?"

Clare's lips were quivering, but she did not open them. Her eyes were cast down upon her fingers, which she was intertwining nervously. The time had been long and weary to her—more so, perhaps, than it had been to him; yet she could not say that she had had no cause to distrust him, and therefore it seemed best to say nothing.

"Let us go back to the beginning," resumed Adrian. "It all began—did it not?—with your dislike of Lady St. Austell. You saw that she was a flirt, and you couldn't trust me with her. You did not see that, besides being a flirt, she was a stout, middle-aged woman, though that might have re-assured you, even if you could feel no confidence in me. And then, most unfortunately, you found her in the house. You wouldn't listen to my explanations; and it was hopeless to try and force them upon you. Besides, I confess that I was angry, as I really think that I had a right to be. But one can't go on being angry forever—at least I can't. The explanation was simple enough. Lady St. Austell came here, not for the pleasure of seeing me, but to scandalize Lord Blaise, who had taken upon himself to rebuke her; and when she came I could hardly send her away. That is the whole truth; I hope you believe it."

He waited for some time; but as Clare still continued silent, he repeated, in a somewhat sharper tone, "Do you or do you not believe that I never cared a brass farthing for Lady St. Austell?"

Clare had turned very pale. She remembered the scene which she had witnessed in Kensington Gardens; of that, no explanation was possible. She could forgive her husband, but to tell a lie or to acquiesce in one was beyond her. "I want to believe you!" she exclaimed, spreading out her hands with a despairing gesture; "but I can't! Adrian, I would so much rather—so much, much rather that you told me the truth!"

"I have told you the truth," answered Adrian, coldly, "and you have refused to believe me. You need not be afraid that I shall make any more attempts. I have already acknowledged that I have been very much to blame in living too extravagantly. In addition to that, I have latterly—for reasons which you may or may not understand—gone more into society than a married man ought to do without his wife. Neither of these offenses will be repeated, and I can not accuse myself of having failed in my duty to you in any other respect. I have only one thing more to say: I must request that any future complaint which you may have to make of my conduct may be made to me, and not to Mr. Wilbraham, or to other persons of your acquaintance."

"I never complained to Mr. Wilbraham!" cried Clare, suddenly bursting into tears. "How could you—how could you think—"

Adrian smiled coldly. "You doubted my word just now," he said. "Excuse me if I take the liberty of doubting yours. For such a very distrustful person, you seem to choose your confidants rather rashly, and I should recommend, both for my sake and your own, that in future you should trust nobody."

After this there was silence for a few minutes, broken only by Clare's stifled sobs; then Adrian held the door open for her, and she passed out without another word.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT.

Adrian, when he was once more alone, and could review the incidents of the painful interview just described, congratulated himself in that he had at least kept his temper. He might have done more wisely to lose it. The impression which Clare carried away with her was that her husband cared very little whether their quarrel was made up or not. His language had been in some measure conciliatory, but it had not been in the least affectionate; and his object, Clare thought, had been rather to place her in the wrong than to convince her that he loved her still.

So far he had been successful, for he had certainly made it appear as though she were in the wrong. Yet in his heart he must have known that it was not so. Before her eyes he had embraced Lady St. Austell, and to ask her after that to believe that he had never cared a brass farthing for the woman was to make too large a demand upon her credulity. If he had confessed, she could have forgiven him—not very easily, perhaps, since forgiveness of such injuries did not come easily to her; still, she could have forgiven him. But to make a fresh start upon the false assumption that she had been mistaken all along was neither possible nor desirable. The accusation which Adrian had brought against her of having bemoaned her fate to Mr. Wilbraham did not trouble her long, nor did she even feel much curiosity as to the source whence he had derived his information. At any other time she would have been more distressed by it; but now it seemed a little thing in comparison with the dreadful certainty which she felt that she and her husband could never again be to each other what they had once been.

She lay awake through the greater part of the night, turning it all over in her mind; and always the same conclusion stared her in the face—it would be better that they should part. The argument which has kept many a woman from leaving an unhappy home was not present in her case. She had no children; no one would suffer by her setting Adrian free to follow his own devices; she herself would be the happier in some ways for having done so, and it was beyond all question that he would be. For her own future she had a plan which, vague at first, developed gradually into a fixed purpose. Her experience at the Children's Hospital had shown her that she possessed some of the qualities of a good sick-nurse, and such technical training as she would need to enable her to adopt nursing as an occupation would, she thought, be acquired without difficulty. Sister Jane would doubtless be willing to give her information and assistance.

On the following morning Adrian went out early, leaving word that he would not be home again before dinner-time, and Georgina also departed for Brighton, whither she had been summoned to receive the formal congratulations of her mother, and to be presented with certain articles of jewelry, "for which," as Mrs. Vidal the elder wrote, with the graciousness that distinguished her, "I have no further use." Clare, being thus left alone, had ample leisure for considering her scheme, and the more she thought of it, the more advisable it seemed to her to put it into practice without delay. Every one knows the value of an accomplished fact; and it seemed to her that if she were to pack up her clothes quietly, leave her home, and write to her husband to inform him of the step that she had taken, she would forestall a good deal of the opposition which was to be expected both from him and from her own family. The only point as to which she felt a little uncertain was whether Sister Jane would be able and disposed to give her shelter under such circumstances.

She was sitting in the dining-room, making a pretense of eating the luncheon for which she had no appetite, and trying to make up her mind that she would go and consult her friend that afternoon, when, as if in answer to her half-formed intention, the following telegram from Sister Jane herself was delivered to her:

"Come to me here, at once, if you can. I want particularly to see you." The address given was that of the hospital served by the society to which Sister Jane belonged.

Clare was on her way in less than ten minutes. She was too much preoccupied with her own affairs to think of anything else during the greater part of the long drive, and it was only toward the end of it that she began to wonder why she had been so hastily summoned. The explanation which she received on reaching her destination mystified her completely.

"The poor woman will be very glad to hear that you have come," Sister Jane said. "She has been asking for you incessantly since the morning."

"What poor woman?" asked Clare. "You did not say anything about her in your telegram."

"Did I not? Her name is Susan Bowman. It is an accident case. She was run over in the street and brought in here a few days ago."

"I never heard of her that I can remember."

"No; she said you probably would not know her by name, although she knows you very well, and has something which she is anxious to tell you. Her great fear has been that you would arrive too late."

"Is she dying, then?" inquired Clare.

"Oh yes," answered the other, in her quiet, placid way. "Nothing could be done for her. She has sustained internal injuries, and has suffered a good deal of pain, poor thing; but that is over now. Indeed, I think mortification has set in. But you need not be afraid of seeing her," she added; "there is nothing to shock you."

"I should not be afraid in any case," returned Clare, who had her own reasons for wishing to show that she had no timid shrinking from unpleasant sights; "only I can not imagine who she can be or why she wants to see me."

"Well, will you come and ask her?" said Sister Jane. And she led the way up the broad stone staircase, Clare following.

A woman with a deadly pale face and large black eyes, which opened slowly and fixed themselves with a steady lack-lustre gaze upon her visitor—a woman who must have been handsome a few days ago— Perhaps the first apprehension which came into Clare's mind was not unnatural; for there is no denying that she was, as Adrian had asserted, very easily made suspicious. She was upon the point of saying that she would rather not be told anything that it might be better for her not to be told, when suddenly the name of Susan Bowman seemed to stir some faint reverberation in her memory.

"Have I not heard my mother speak of you?" she asked.

The woman made a sign of assent. "I told her a pack of lies," she said, bringing out the words slowly and with difficulty; "but that hasn't done her any harm, I suppose. And her ladyship sent me away without a character."

"Don't trouble yourself about it," said Clare, gently.

Susan smiled. "That don't trouble me. But I've got to die, they tell me, and I thought I'd see you first, and let you know of something that you'll be pleased to hear. It wasn't worth taking so much trouble over a bit of work to unpick it all as soon as it was done; but I don't seem as if I could get out of the world comfortably any other way, somehow. It's lucky for you that that 'bus driver knocked me over." She paused for a moment, and then added, "It wasn't quite the fair thing to make you suffer, anyway, for you've never done me a bad turn."

"Why should I?" asked Clare, wonderingly.

"Ah! but I did you a bad turn, I can tell you! It was I sent you those two letters about your husband."

Clare's cheeks became pink. "I ought not to have taken any notice of them," she said. "And—and I dare say you meant them kindly."

"Not me!" returned the other, with the ghost of a laugh. "No; I didn't owe you any kindness, and that's the truth. I had my own reasons—maybe they were bad ones. You were ready enough to believe a lie, though."

"Was it a lie?" exclaimed Clare, eagerly. And then, "But it could not have been a lie. I saw—"

"You didn't see what you think you saw," interrupted Susan. "It wasn't her ladyship whom you saw your husband kissing; it was me. And he kissed me because I made him, not because he wanted to, goodness knows! I tell you that now in case I shouldn't have the strength to get through the whole story. But I'll try. You're a jealous sort of woman, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am afraid so," answered Clare, humbly.

"And you don't know much about men, that's evident. It will make you pretty angry, I suppose, to hear that your husband was in love with somebody before he saw you. He was in love with me, and I was his mother's maid. If you don't like that, you must—lump it."

"But, indeed, I am not so foolish—that does not make me angry—I am sorry," stammered Clare.

"He thought it would make you angry, at all events; for he was frightened out of his life lest I should tell you of it. To the best of my belief he hasn't been in love with any one but you since his marriage; but I shouldn't advise you to go on sulking with him as I hear you've been doing. He isn't the sort of man to make himself miserable for any woman's sake longer than he can help. I don't want to speak against him, though. I don't think he treated me well, that's all."

"Did he—did he promise to marry you?" asked Clare, hesitatingly.

"Yes, he did. You may say that he was lit-

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tle more than a boy at the time, and that I was a fool for thinking the thing could come on again, after it had been put a stop to by his friends; but we most of us are fools—you in one way, and I in another, you see. My way was to take it into my head that I could learn to be a lady, and that a gentleman always kept his word. Well, if I had never been anything worse than a fool, I could die easier."

"I think I understand it all," said Clare. "You must not tire yourself with talking any more now. It was very good of you to send for me;" and stooping over the bed, she took the dying woman's hand and held it in a soft clasp.

But Susan's was a somewhat stubborn nature, and it is not likely that she felt any great affection for Mrs. Adrian Vidal. She drew her hand away, and answered: "I didn't send for you out of goodness. As for talking, I'd as soon talk as not. You say you understand; but you must be cleverer than you look if you do. *I* don't understand it. I don't see why I plotted and planned to make him suffer. Where's the good of revenge? After all, I don't care—"

Her voice died away, and she lay for some time with half-closed eyes breathing heavily. Clare did not expect her to open her lips again; but by-and-by she resumed, speaking, as before, with a slow, labored utterance, and pausing between each short sentence: "I swore I'd punish him, and that wasn't a difficult thing to do. He hasn't much pluck. I scared him by threatening to go to you and tell you how he had behaved to me, and he didn't defy me, as any sensible man would have done. I knew he wouldn't. That was how I got him to meet me in Kensington Gardens. I dressed myself to look like her ladyship, and I kept him talking till I saw you; then I made him kiss me. He didn't half like it, though there was a time when he wouldn't have minded."

"It was rather cruel to me," Clare could not help saying.

"I didn't think about you; but I've put it right now. There's no harm done. Now you go home and make it up with him. There never was anything between him and her ladyship—unless it was on her side—and he's a good fellow by nature. He used me badly; but he's a good fellow. You tell him I said so—tell him Susan said so."

Those were the last intelligible words that she spoke. She went on talking; but her mind had begun to wander; her voice became weaker and weaker, until it ceased altogether, and she sank into a sort of stupor.

Sister Jane, who had moved away at the beginning of the colloquy, returned now and bent down over the bed. "There is scarcely any pulse," she remarked, presently; "it will be all over soon." Then she looked up at Clare's face, which was scarcely less white than that of the dying woman. "Had you not better go away now?" she asked. "There is nothing more to wait for, and you look very tired."

Clare nodded and went, without saying anything. She passed down the stairs and out into the street, and walked away, hardly noticing whither she was going. All her wrongs, all her misfortunes, had been imaginary, then! She could not yet rejoice at that thought; there was room for nothing in her heart but bitter humiliation and self-reproach. Adrian had never been false to her; all that he had told her had been true; what he had concealed he had hidden from her only because he knew her jealous nature, and believed that she would resent what assuredly she had no right to resent. No; there was nothing to rejoice over in that; and what was worst of all was that she feared she had worn out his love. Never, surely, would it be possible to him to think of her again as he had thought of her once. Even she herself, though she had loved him all through, felt that something had been lost since the happy days of their honey-moon—something that neither repentance nor forgiveness could ever quite restore to her.

And she was right. Something had indeed passed out of her life, and would not return to it, however intensely it might be longed for. It passes out of all lives, and goes by various names; but most people call it Youth, which is perhaps as near an approach to a definition as can be reached.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BRITISH CUTTER "GENESTA."

A CABLE dispatch from England has announced the departure from Portsmouth, May 9, for New York, of Sir RICHARD SUTTON'S cutter *Genesta*, named by Mr. BEAVOR WEBB, her designer, as the representative vessel of the Royal Yacht Squadron, which challenges the New York Yacht Club for the possession of the *America's* cup. Since December last, when Mr. WEBB'S first note to Mr. MINTON, secretary of the New York Club, was received, there has been on the part of all yachtsmen in this country the hope that nothing would occur to prevent the cutter from coming, and yet there has always been a doubt as to whether there might not, after all, be some hitch in the arrangements which would prevent the race. For, declining her absolute right, under her challenge, to a single race over the New York Yacht Club course—*i. e.*, from a point off Owl's Head, Long Island, to and around the Sandy Hook light-ship, and return to a point off Buoy No. 15, just below the Narrows—Mr. WEBB elected to make the terms of the race matter of negotiation, and has for some time past been in correspondence, telegraphic and by mail, with a special committee of the club appointed to arrange with him all the preliminaries of the contest. The fact that the yacht has actually started is proof that all has been satisfactorily arranged, and it is learned from other sources that such is the case.

What these terms are has not yet been made public, but unofficially it is stated that the match is to be three races, best two to win—one a triangle, forty miles in extent, outside the Hook; second, a race over the New York Club course; and if a third be necessary, twenty miles to windward (or leeward) and return, starting either from Buoy No. 5, off the Hook, or from one of the two light-ships. The allowance is to be the regular rule of the New York Club, and the champion yacht of the club is to be named in advance.

The *Genesta* was built at Partick, on the Clyde, by Messrs. HENDERSON BROTHERS, with a steel frame and planking of teak and elm. She is 90 feet over all, 81 feet water-line, 15 feet beam, and 11 feet 9 inches depth of hold. Her draught of water is 13 feet 6 inches. Originally she had sixty tons of lead outside, but in recent preparation for this race ten tons additional have been placed there, and she has been given new and heavier spars. She has also been newly coppered. The new spars and the racing canvas are, it is reported, to be shipped here by steamer, while the yacht will come over under a square-headed try-sail. Under these circumstances her passage will be a long one, and she need not be expected before the middle of June.

The *Genesta* was a success from the start. She sailed her first match at the regatta of the New Thames Yacht Club, from Southend to Harwich, May 31, 1884, and had as competitors flyers like the *Vanduara*, *Erycina*, and *Marjorie*. The race was sailed in a fresh whole-sail breeze, and the new cutter won handsomely. At her next race, two or three days afterward, she finished ahead, but lost first prize to the *Tara* on allowance. So she went on all through the yachting season, sailing in Scotch, Irish, and English waters against the very pick of the British fleets, and in all sorts of weather. Of course she did not always win, but she showed herself the best "all round" boat that had yet appeared; that is, taking her in all sorts of breezes, and upon all points of sailing, there was none other so uniformly good, and at the close of the season only the cutter *Tara* was ahead of her as a prize-winner. The *Tara* started thirty-five times, and won nineteen firsts and four seconds, or twenty-three in all; while the *Genesta* started thirty-four times, and won seven firsts and ten seconds, or seventeen in all.

The *Genesta* is a fair type of what has been found to be about the best proportion for cutters of her length, *i. e.*, about five and a half beams to her length. Some narrower cutters have been built for racing, but they have not proved successful.

She is narrower than our fastest cutter, the *Bedouin*, which on a water-line of 70 feet has 15 feet 6 inches beam, and is wider than the *Ileen*, which on a water-line of 65 feet 4 inches has but 11 feet 4 inches in beam, nearly six beams, and on a much shorter water-line. The *Genesta* can not be called a slender yacht according to the British standard, although, compared with American boats, she is decidedly narrow.

DECORATION DAY.

THE morning did not come to New York as bright and beautiful as it should have done on the day of flowers; but no rain came until the close of the proceedings of the day, and while the procession was passing, the sky was bright and the air delightfully pleasant; so that the scene lost none of its natural beauty. From early morning the Sound and Hudson steamers brought in crowds of sight-seers and veterans of the posts, with their wives and children, who came to see them march, and they all carried flowers—flowers in carts, in the arms of men, in the hands of women and of children—and New York looked like that ancient city of Ceylon which Sir EMERSON TENNANT tells us was by edict dressed daily in a hundred thousand flowers.

The regular military portion of the procession was in readiness to start at the appointed hour with strict military punctuality, but the long and cumbrous line of posts took longer in arranging its links. However, word was conveyed to the President about half past nine, to the house of Secretary WHITNEY in Fifty-seventh Street, where he was staying, that the procession was advancing, and it was time to start; so he got into an open carriage drawn by four gray horses, and proceeded to the Windsor Hotel, accompanied by Secretaries WHITNEY and ENDICOTT, where he met General HANCOCK, General ANSON MCCOOK, commander of his guard of honor, General LLOYD ASPINWALL, Postmaster-General VILAS, and many others, and held an informal reception for about half an hour, and then started for the reviewing stand in Madison Square.

The dense crowd assembled there had begun to grow impatient, when, at five minutes to ten o'clock, Captain WILLIAMS with his attendant squad of policemen commenced to clear the streets, and as the crowd broke to either side there might be seen a squad of mounted police, and, behind, the towering bear-skin and white coat and blue trousers of Captain GEORGE MCLANE, at the head of the Old Guard. The Guard was accompanied by Conterno's Band, whose drum-major, twirling and tossing and then catching his baton with the dexterous skill of a Bengal juggler, was one of the most applauded features of the day. Then came the President—with General HANCOCK, all feathered and plumed in gorgeous array, and General MCMAHON, in his carriage, and in another, following, Postmaster-General VILAS and Secretaries ENDICOTT and WHITNEY—and took his place on the stand erected for the purpose, where, with those mentioned and Mayor GRACE in a group around him, he reviewed the procession, as pictured in our illustration.

In the procession General SHALER, of course, came first, looking, on his handsome big charger, every inch the gallant soldier. Both he and the other commanders of the National Guard to-day are all men who took their first schooling in that Guard, and by means of the thorough military education they received there were able to act out their efficient war service for the country. Though that service has been rendered twenty years ago, they still retain their interest in the Guard in which they were educated, well knowing how much all this drill and parade may be worth to others and to the country in any future crisis. After him regiment after regiment trooped by, the Seventh, which mustered twenty full platoons, and looked in splendid form, sharing with the veterans the enthusiasm and honors of the day. To the latter, with their tattered flags and worn emblems, telling of many hard-won fights, justly belonged all the poetry and glory. And it was a touching spectacle to see the carts full of soldiers' children and grandchildren carrying off their loads of flowers for the old men to lay upon the graves of their gone comrades.

PRESIDENT GRUNER, OF THE COTTON EXCHANGE.

MR. SIEGFRIED GRUNER, who was on June 1, for a second time, elected President of the New York Cotton Exchange, was born at Osnabrück, Germany, in 1842. He came to America in his twenty-first year, and since then has continuously resided in New York. Very soon after his arrival he began his commercial career as a commission merchant. His experience and his business steadily extended, until he gained a prominent position among New York commission merchants, especially as a dealer in cotton. He was one of the original members of the New York Cotton Exchange, and he has been one of its Board of Managers for ten years. In 1882 he was elected Vice-President; in 1883 he was re-elected; in 1884 he was elected President, and re-elected on June 1, 1885. He is also Vice-President of the New York Coffee Exchange, and a member of the Produce Exchange and the Petroleum Exchange.

Mr. GRUNER is the head of the firm of SIEGFRIED GRUNER & Co. He has given his whole time to commercial pursuits, and his prominence is the result of his diligence and sagacity in business affairs. He is highly esteemed socially, not only by the German Americans, but likewise by all others who enjoy his acquaintance.

PRESIDENT VAIL, OF THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

MR. CHARLES M. VAIL, who on June 1 was elected President of the New York Produce Exchange, was born in Goshen, Orange County, New York, in 1845, and was educated in the schools of his native town. His father, the late Mr. R. M. VAIL, was a successful and highly esteemed merchant at Goshen, and Mr. CHARLES VAIL chose his father's vocation. In 1865 he came to New York city, and began his commercial career here with his uncle, Mr. JOHN S. MARTIN, and he soon became the junior partner of the firm of JOHN MARTIN & Co., dealers in butter and cheese. For a number of years he has been a member of the Produce Exchange, but he held no public position until two years ago, when he was elected a member of the Board of Managers. Last year he was chosen Vice-President of the Exchange. The diligent attention with which he discharged the duties of these positions gave his associates a high regard for his administrative qualities. He was nominated for the important place he now holds while he was on his homeward voyage from Europe, and he was surprised when he arrived, on the eve of the election, at the honor his friends had bestowed on him.

Mr. VAIL has modestly accumulated a comfortable fortune. He owns an elegant residence in Brooklyn, where he is as highly esteemed for his social qualities as in New York for his commercial sagacity and prudence.

CANOEISTS ON THE HUDSON.

A CHRONIC case of the canoeing fever sends its victim early into camp, which explains the long line of tents by day and fires by night that last week greeted the eyes of early Hudson River tourists along the beach at Plum Point. This promontory is midway between Newburgh and Cornwall—a curving reach of shingle, well lined with the flood-wood essential to *al fresco* comfort, well shaded by the trees that grow on the forgotten ramparts of Fort Mackin—a Revolutionary relic, and commanding an altogether charming outlook down the northern gateway of the Highlands.

Hither, on invitation of the "Dock Rats," as the Newburgh Canoe Club styles itself, came the Hudson River clubs for their spring "meet." There were the New York, Knickerbocker, and Brooklyn clubs from salt-water, the Shattemucs from Sing Sing, the "Dock Rats" aforesaid, the Mohicans from Albany, the Rondout clubs, and numerous unattached canoeists from everywhere alongshore.

This year interest centered upon a new model, the "Sunbeam," by EVERSON, of Brooklyn, which, it is believed, combines the best features of all the famous models that have gone before. She differs from her favorite predecessor, the "Shadow," in having greater depth, no "tumble-home" of sides, less rake to stern-post, a straighter stem, a somewhat fuller, but still very fine, entrance, and greater breadth aft. The length is fifteen feet and breadth thirty inches. The mainmast is stepped twenty inches from the bow, a folding centre board is provided, and the usual water-tight compartments and fittings are constructed with an eye to the best results.

The favorite rig is generally known as the "Mohican," though, as is often the case in great inventions, many of its features had been simultaneously devised and used by another experimenter. It is in effect a happy combination of the well-known lug and lateen rigs. The leading canoes, as shown in the illustration, carry this rig. Mr. VAUX has this spring farther improved upon it in the rig of his *Sea Bee*, a canoe of the new EVERSON model. In this the spars are all of the same length, facilitating stowage, and securing at once the advantage of a moderately high peak, with a wide spread of canvas well aloft. Mr. VAUX has also improved the set of his sails by having them cut so that the whole after "leach" is selvedge, the seams running parallel to it throughout. Two sets of sails have been made in this way for canoes of the "Sunbeam" type, and both have already shown first-rate qualities on all points of the wind.

In the sailing races at Plum Point the wind was extremely baffling. The first race started with a fine breeze, the boats getting away well together, as our artist has shown, affording a sight dear to the canoeist's heart as they stood over toward the eastern shore. The second stake-boat was well up the river, and the wind fell away to a calm, varied by fitful cat's-paws, so that the last half of the affair called for a combination of luck and seamanship that left it any one's race till the finish, when everybody not personally interested was glad to see Mr. GIBSON with *Snake* come in a winner. In the second race the programme was reversed. The start was hardly a start at all, owing to lack of wind, but midway of the race the river craft were seen booming up through the Highlands wing-and-wing. They brought the wind with them, and the racers were presently staggering under all they could carry. Mr. WHITLOCK'S *Guerm*, with her enormous lug mainsail, was half a mile to the fore at the finish, and the rest of the fleet was all over the river, having drifted in all directions during the calm.

A picturesque feature of the modern canoe is the barbaric fashion adopted by the original Indian canoeist of painting a "totem" or device of some sort on the sail. Thus the Mohicans carry a turtle, and General OLIVER'S *Marion* has in addition a little one in bronze posted on the bow of his boat. A dock-rat "rampant," a muscalonge, a sea-horse, and so on, are among the devices adopted by the various clubs, and these, with the registration number of the canoe in large figures, as required by the rules of the American Canoe Association, lend a kaleidoscopic effect to a fleet under sail. The increasing interest in canoeing was evinced by the attendance of many spectators, including a number of ladies, who, in spite of rain, actual and threatened, inspected the camp, and curiously watched the proceedings; and one—a pretty girl she was—sat unconsciously for her portrait, gracefully wielding a double-bladed paddle while she watched the racers dash off before the short-lived breeze.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

STRICT taste in Paris just now is said to call upon a gentleman in evening dress to wear two rings on the little finger of the right hand. There must not be less than two rings or more, and no other finger than the one named may afford the ornaments a resting-place. The instructions do not consider the kinds of rings, so that for all we know a gentleman may properly wear a cat's-eye and a sapphire surrounded by garnets, affording thus the colors of the national flag; but the rule evidently bars out the German custom of wearing a fat seal ring on the forefinger, and renders correct evening dress impossible to any gentleman who may have lost the little finger of his right hand in a hay-cutting machine.

The rules for correct evening dress in Paris further require that the watch must be worn without being hinted at. It must be maintained between dinner and bed-time in strict privacy, no chain or ribbon or silken cord being permitted to reveal its whereabouts, and such accommodations being provided for it that it shall not bulge through the clothing upon the public view. The idea is not to leave it unworn (for its presence about the person is absolutely insisted upon), but to leave it unknown—to have it about you most secretly, as though it were the imperishable memory of an act of which you are ashamed.

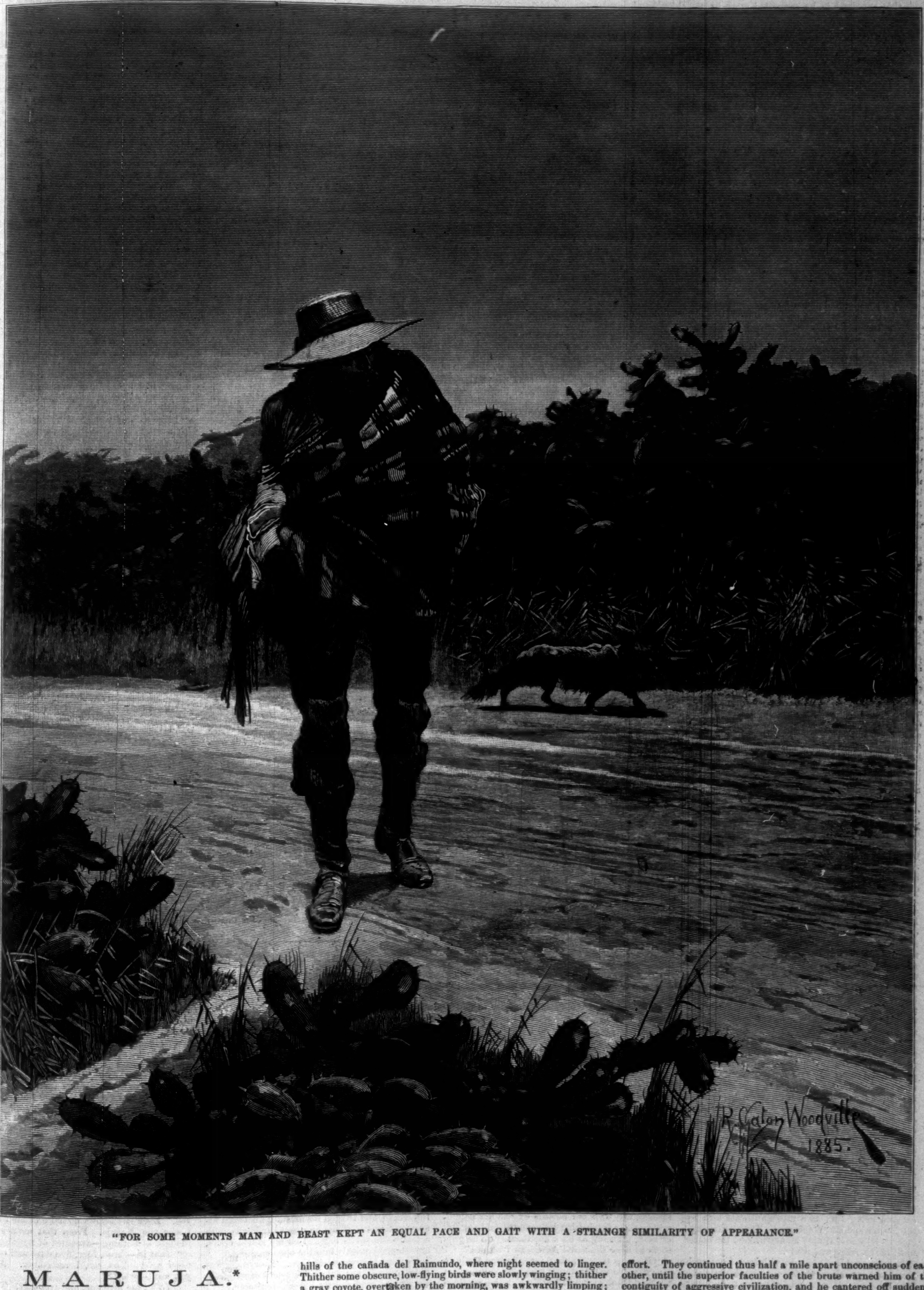
The Charleston (South Carolina) Library, which was founded in 1748, and which has been in operation ever since, with the exception of a short period during the civil war, is said to be in a bad way. According to the Charleston *News*, this is due to the indifference of the people of the city. Charleston has a white population of 26,000, but the library society has only 225 names on its roll.

The proper degree of grip for eyeglasses has been long a matter of interesting discussion. If eyeglasses are too loose, of course they fall off; and if they are too tight, they hurt. The capacity of noses to resist pressure and pain varies widely. Some grow callous and competent under provocation, and others never do. The nose of a New Jersey gentleman who recently tightened up his eyeglasses a little became abraded under the increased irritation, and he suffered a distressing visitation of erysipelas in consequence.

Brazil has 1,177,022 slaves, and the Brazilian government is contemplating their emancipation by purchase.

Opposite the Armory grounds in Springfield, Massachusetts, stands a tall guide-stone which was erected in 1763 to indicate the Boston road. The upper part of the stone bears a couple of crescent moons, a sun, and several other Masonic emblems, done in yellow paint, and accompanied by two Scriptural injunctions in Latin, and below is carved the statement that "this stone was erected by Joseph Wait, Esq., of Brookfield, for the benefit of travellers."

THE SAILING RACE AT THE SPRING MEET OF THE HUDSON RIVER CANOE CLUBS.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 375.]



"FOR SOME MOMENTS MAN AND BEAST KEPT AN EQUAL PACE AND GAIT WITH A STRANGE SIMILARITY OF APPEARANCE."

MARUJA.*

By BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER I.

MORNING was breaking on the high-road to San José. The long lines of dusty, level track were beginning to extend their vanishing-point in the growing light; on either side the awakening fields of wheat and oats were stretching out and broadening to the sky. In the east and south the stars were receding before the coming day; in the west a few still glimmered, caught among the bosky hills of the cañada del Raimundo, where night seemed to linger. Thither some obscure, low-flying birds were slowly winging; thither a gray coyote, overtaken by the morning, was awkwardly limping; and thither a tramping wayfarer turned, ploughing through the dust of the highway still unslaked by the dewless night, to climb the fence and likewise seek the distant cover.

For some moments man and beast kept an equal pace and gait with a strange similarity of appearance and expression; the coyote bearing that resemblance to his more civilized and harmless congener, the dog, which the tramp bore to the ordinary pedestrians, but both exhibiting the same characteristics of lazy vagabondage and semi-lawlessness; the coyote's slouching amble and uneasy stealthiness being repeated in the tramp's shuffling step and side-long glances. Both were young and physically vigorous, but both displayed the same vacillating and awkward disinclination to direct effort. They continued thus half a mile apart unconscious of each other, until the superior faculties of the brute warned him of the contiguity of aggressive civilization, and he cantered off suddenly to the right, fully five minutes before the barking of dogs caused the man to make a detour to the left to avoid entrance upon a cultivated domain that lay before him.

The trail he took led to one of the scant water-courses that issued, half spent, from the cañada, to fade out utterly on the hot June plain. It was thickly bordered with willows and alders, that made an arbored and feasible path through the dense woods and undergrowth. He continued along it as if aimlessly; stopping from time to time to look at different objects in a dull mechanical fashion, as if rather to prolong his useless hours than from any curious instinct, and to occasionally dip in the unfrequent pools of water the few crusts of bread he had taken from his pocket.

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Even this appeared to be suggested more by a coincidence of material in the bread and water than from the promptings of hunger. At last he reached a cup-like hollow in the hills lined with wild clover and thick with resinous odors. Here he crept under a manzanita-bush and disposed himself to sleep. The act showed he was already familiar with the local habits of his class, who used the unfailing dry star-lit nights for their wanderings, and spent the hours of glaring sunshine asleep or resting in some way-side shadow.

Meanwhile the light quickened, and gradually disclosed the form and outline of the adjacent domain. An avenue cut through a park-like wood, carefully cleared of the undergrowth of gigantic ferns peculiar to the locality, led to the entrance of the cañada. Here began a vast terrace of lawn, broken up by enormous bouquets of flower beds bewildering in color and profusion, from which, again, rose the flowering vines and trailing shrubs that hid pillars, veranda, and even the long façade of a great and dominant mansion. But the delicacy of floral outlines running to the capitals of columns and at times mounting to the pediment of the roof, the opulence of flashing color or the massing of tropical foliage, could not deprive it of the imperious dignity of size and space. Much of this was due to the fact that the original casa—an adobe house of no mean pretensions, dating back to the early Spanish occupation—had been kept intact, sheathed in a shell of dark red wood, and still retaining its patio, or inner court-yard, surrounded by low galleries, while additions, greater in extent than the main building, had been erected, not as wings and projections, but massed upon it on either side, changing its rigid square outlines to a vague parallelogram. While the patio retained the Spanish conception of *al fresco* seclusion, a vast colonnade of veranda on the southern side was a concession to American taste, and its breadth gave that depth of shadow to the inner rooms which had been lost in the thinner shell of the new erection. Its cloistered gloom was lightened by the red fires of cardinal-flowers dropping from the roof, by the yellow sunshine of the jasmine creeping up the columns, by billows of heliotropes, breaking over its base as a purple sea. Nowhere else did the opulence of this climate of blossoms show itself as vividly. Even the Castilian roses, that grew as vines along the east front, the fuchsias, that attained the dignity of trees, in the patio, or the four or five monster passion-vines that bestarred the low western wall, and told over and over again their mystic story, paled before the sensuous glory of the south veranda.

As the sun arose, that part of the quiet house first touched by its light seemed to waken. A few lounging peons and servants made their appearance at the entrance of the patio, occasionally re-enforced by an earlier life from the gardens and stables. But the south façade of the building had not apparently gone to bed at all: lights were still burning dimly in the large ball-room; a tray with glasses stood upon the veranda near one of the open French windows, and further on, a half-shut yellow fan lay like a fallen leaf. The sound of carriage-wheels on the gravel terrace brought with it voices and laughter and the swiftly-passing vision of a char à bancs filled with muffled figures bending low to avoid the direct advances of the sun.

As the carriage rolled away, four men lounged out of a window on the veranda, shading their eyes against the level beams. One was still in evening dress, and one in the uniform of a captain of artillery; the others had already changed their gala attire; the elder of the party having assumed those extravagant tweeds which the tourist from Great Britain usually offers as a gentle concession to inferior yet more florid civilization. Nevertheless, he beamed back heartily on the sun, and remarked, in a pleasant Scotch accent, that: Did they know it was very extraordinary how clear the morning was, so free from clouds and mist and fog? The young man in evening dress fluently agreed to the facts, and suggested, in idiomatic French-English, that one comprehended that the bed was an insult to one's higher nature and an ingratitude to their gracious hostess, who had spread out this lovely garden and walks for their pleasure; that nothing was more beautiful than the dew sparkling on the rose or the matin song of the little birds.

The other young man here felt called upon to point out the fact that there was no dew in California, and that the birds did not sing in that part of the country. The foreign young gentleman received this statement with pain and astonishment as to the fact, with passionate remorse as to his own ignorance. But still, as it was a charming day, would not his gallant friend, the Captain here, accept the challenge of the brave Englishman, and "walk him" for the glory of his flag and a thousand pounds?

The gallant Captain, unfortunately, believed that if he walked out in his uniform he would suffer some delay from being interrogated by wayfarers as to the locality of the circus he would be pleasantly supposed to represent, even if he escaped being shot as a rare California bird by the foreign sporting contingent. In these circumstances he would simply lounge around the house until his carriage was ready.

Much as it pained him to withdraw from such amusing companions, the foreign young gentleman here felt that he, too, would retire for the present to change his garments, and glided back through the window at the same moment that the young officer carelessly stepped from the veranda and lounged toward the shrubbery.

"They've been watching each other for the last hour. I wonder what's up?" said the young man who remained.

The remark, without being confidential, was so clearly the first sentence of natural conversation that the Scotchman, although relieved, said, "Eh, man?" a little cautiously.

"It's as clear as this sunshine that Captain Carroll and Garnier are each particularly anxious to know what the other is doing or intends to do this morning."

"Why did they separate, then?" asked the other.

"That's a mere blind. Garnier's looking through his window now at Carroll, and Carroll is aware of it."

"Eh!" said the Scotchman, with good-humored curiosity. "Is it a quarrel? Nothing serious, I hope. No revolvers and bowie-knives, man, before breakfast, eh?"

"No," laughed the younger man. "No! To do Maruja justice, she generally makes a fellow too preposterous to fight. I see you don't understand. You're a stranger; I'm an old habitué of the house; let me explain. Both of these men are in love with Maruja; or, worse than that, they firmly believe her to be in love with *them*."

"But Miss Maruja is the eldest daughter of our hostess, is she not?" said the Scotchman; "and I understood from one of the young ladies that the Captain had come down from the Fort particularly to pay court to Miss Amita, the beauty."

"Possibly. But that wouldn't prevent Maruja from flirting with him."

"Eh! but are you not mistaken, Mr. Raymond? Certainly a more quiet, modest, and demure young lassie I never met."

"That's because she sat out two waltzes with you, and let you do the talking, while she simply listened."

The elder man's fresh color for an instant heightened, but he recovered himself with a good-humored laugh. "Likely—likely. She's a capital good listener."

"You're not the first man that found her eloquent. Stanton, your banking friend, who never talks of anything but mines and stocks, says she's the only woman who has any conversation; and we can all swear that she never said two words to him the whole time she sat next to him at dinner. But she *looked* at him as if she had. Why, man, woman, and child all give her credit for any grace that pleases themselves. And why? Because she's clever enough not to practice any one of them—as graces. I don't know the girl that claims less and gets more. For instance, you don't call her pretty—?"

"Wait a bit. Ye'll not get on so fast, my young friend; I'm not prepared to say that she's not," returned the Scotchman, with good-humored yet serious caution.

"But you would have been prepared yesterday, and have said it. She can produce the effect of the prettiest girl here, and without challenging comparison. Nobody thinks of her—everybody experiences her."

"You're an enthusiast, Mr. Raymond. As an habitué of the house, of course, you—"

"Oh, my time came with the rest," laughed the young man, with unaffected frankness. "It's about two years ago now."

"I see; you were not a marrying man."

"Pardon me; it was because I was."

The Scotchman looked at him curiously.

"Maruja is an heiress. I am a mining engineer."

"But, my dear fellow, I thought that in your country—"

"In *my* country, yes. But we are standing on a bit of old Spain. This land was given to Doña Maria Saltonstall's ancestors by Charles V. Look around you. This veranda, this larger shell of the ancient casa, is the work of the old Salem whaling captain that she married, and is all that is American here. But the heart of the house, as well as the life that circles around the old patio, is Spanish. The Doña's family, the Estudillos and Guitierrez, always looked down upon this alliance with the Yankee captain, though it brought improvement to the land and increased its value fortyfold, and since his death ever opposed any further foreign intervention. Not that that would weigh much with Maruja if she took a fancy to any one; Spanish as she is throughout, in thought and grace and feature, there is enough of the old Salem witches' blood in her to defy law and authority in following an unhallowed worship. There are no sons; she is the sole heiress of the house and estate—though, according to the native custom, her sisters will be separately portioned from the other property, which is very large."

"Then the Captain might still make a pretty penny on Amita," said the Scotchman.

"If he did not risk and lose it all on Maruja. There is enough of the old Spanish jealousy in the blood to make even the gentle Amita never forgive his momentary defection."

Something in his manner made the Scotchman think that Raymond spoke from baleful experience. How else could this attractive young fellow, educated abroad and a rising man in his profession, have failed to profit by his contiguity to such advantages, and the fact of his being an evident favorite?

"But with this opposition on the part of the relatives to any further alliances with your countrymen, why does our hostess expose her daughters to their fascinating influence?" said the elder man, glancing at his companion. "The girls seem to have the usual American freedom."

"Perhaps they are therefore the less likely to give it up to the first man who asks them. But the Spanish duenna still survives in the family—the more awful because invisible. It's a mysterious fact that as soon as a fellow becomes particularly attached to any one—except Maruja—he receives some intimation from Pereo."

"What! the butler? That Indian-looking fellow? A servant?"

"Pardon me, the mayordomo. The old confidential servitor who stands in *loco parentis*. No one knows what he says. If the victim appeals to the mistress, she is indisposed; you know she has such bad health. If in his madness he makes a confidante of Maruja, that finishes him."

"How?"

"Why, he ends by transferring his young affections to her—with the usual result."

"Then you don't think our friend the Captain has had this confidential butler ask his intentions yet?"

"I don't think it will be necessary," said the other, dryly.

"Umph! Meantime the Captain has just vanished through yon shrubbery. I suppose that's the end of the mysterious espionage you have discovered. No! De'il take it! but there's that Frenchman popping out of the myrtle bush. How did the fellow get there? And, bless me! here's our lassie, too!"

"Yes," said Raymond, in a changed voice; "it's Maruja."

She had approached so noiselessly along the bank that bordered the veranda, gliding from pillar to pillar as she paused before each to search for some particular flower, that both men felt an uneasy consciousness. But she betrayed no indication of their presence by look or gesture. So absorbed and abstracted she seemed that, by a common instinct, both drew nearer the window, and silently waited for her to pass or recognize them.

She halted a few paces off to fasten a flower in her girdle. A small, youthful figure, in a pale yellow dress, lacking even the maturity of womanly outline. The full oval of her face, the straight line of her back, a slight boyishness in the contour of her hips, the infantine smallness of her sandaled feet and narrow hands, were all suggestive of fresh, innocent, amiable youth—and nothing more.

Forgetting himself, the elder man mischievously crushed his companion against the wall in mock-virtuous indignation. "Eh, sir," he whispered, with an accent that broadened with his feelings—"eh, but look at the puir wee lassie! Will ye no be ashamed o' yerself for putting the tricks of a Circe on sic an honest, gentle bairn. Why, man, you'll be seein' the sign of a limb of Satan in a bit thing with the mother's milk not yet out of her! She a flirt, speerin' at men with that modest, downcast air? I'm ashamed of ye, Mister Raymond. She's only thinking of her breakfast, puir thing, and not of yon callant. Another sacrilegious word and I'll expose you to her. Have ye no pity on youth and innocence?"

"Let me up," groaned Raymond, feebly, "and I'll tell you how old she is. Hush!—she's looking."

The two men straightened themselves. She had, indeed, lifted her eyes toward the window. They were beautiful eyes, and charged with something more than their own beauty. With a deep brunette setting even to the darkened cornea, the pupils were blue as the sky above them. But they were lit with another intelligence. The soul of the Salem whaler looked out of the passion-darkened orbits of the mother, and was resistless.

She smiled recognition of the two men with sedate girlishness, and a foreign inclination of the head over the flowers she was holding. Her straight, curveless mouth became suddenly charming with the parting of her lips over her white teeth, and left the impress of the smile in a lighting of the whole face even after it had passed. Then she moved away. At the same moment Garnier approached her.

"Come away, man, and have our walk," said the Scotchman, seizing Raymond's arm. "We'll not spoil that fellow's sport."

"No; but she will, I fear. Look, Mr. Buchanan, if she hasn't given him her flowers to carry to the house while she waits here for the Captain!"

"Come away, scoffer," said Buchanan, good-humoredly, locking his arm in the young man's, and dragging him from the veranda toward the avenue, "and keep your observations for breakfast."

CHAPTER II.

In the mean time the young officer who had disappeared in the shrubbery, whether he had or had not been a spectator of the scene, exhibited some signs of agitation. He walked rapidly on, occasionally switching the air with a wand of willow, from which he had impatiently plucked the leaves, through an alley of ceanothus until he reached a little thicket of evergreens, which seemed to oppose his further progress. Turning to one side, however, he quickly found an entrance to a labyrinthine walk, which led him at last to an open space and a rustic summer-house that stood beneath a gnarled and venerable pear-tree. The summer-house was a quaint stockade of dark madroño boughs thatched with red-wood bark, strongly suggestive of deeper woodland shadow. But in strange contrast, the floor, table, and benches were thickly strewn with faded rose leaves, scattered as if in some riotous play of children. Captain Carroll brushed them aside hurriedly with his impatient foot, glanced around hastily, then threw himself on the rustic bench at full length, and twisted his mustache between his nervous fingers. Then he rose as suddenly, with a few white petals impaled on his gilded spurs, and stepped quickly into the open sunlight.

He must have been mistaken. Everything was quiet around him; the far-off sound of wheels in the avenue came faintly, but nothing more.

His eye fell upon the pear-tree, and even in his preoccupation he was struck with the signs of its extraordinary age. Twisted out of all proportion, and knotted with excrescences, it was supported by iron bands and heavy stakes, as if to prop up its senile decay. He tried to interest himself in the various initials and symbols deeply carved in bark, now swollen and half obliterated. As he turned back to the summer-house, he for the first time noticed that the ground rose behind it into a long undulation, on the crest of which the same singular profusion of rose leaves was scattered. It struck him as being strangely like a gigantic grave, and that the same idea had occurred to the fantastic dispenser of the withered flowers. He was still looking at it when a rustle in the undergrowth made his heart beat expectantly. A slinking gray shadow crossed the undulation and disappeared in the thicket. It was a coyote. At any other time the extraordinary appearance of this vivid impersonation of the wilderness, so near a centre of human civilization and habitation, would have filled him with wonder. But he had room for only a single thought now—would *she* come?

Five minutes passed. He no longer waited in the summer-house, but paced impatiently before the entrance to the labyrinth. Another five minutes. He was deceived, undoubtedly. She and her sisters were probably waiting for him and laughing at him on the lawn. He ground his heel into the clover, and threw his switch into the thicket. Yet he would give her *one*—only one—moment more.

"Captain Carroll!"

The voice had been and was to *him* the sweetest in the world; but even a stranger could not have resisted the spell of its musical inflection. He turned quickly. She was advancing toward him from the summer-house.

"Did you think I was coming that way, where everybody could follow me?" she laughed, softly. "No; I came through the thicket over there," indicating the direction with her flexible shoulder, "and nearly lost my slipper and my eyes. Look!" She threw back the inseparable lace shawl from her blonde head, and showed a spray of myrtle clinging like a broken wreath to her forehead. The young officer remained gazing at her silently.

"I like to hear you speak my name," he said, with a slight hesitation in his breath. "Say it again."

"Car-roll, Car-roll, Car-roll," she murmured, gently, to herself two or three times, as if enjoying her own native trilling of the r's. "It's a pretty name. It sounds like a song. Don Carroll, eh? El Capitan Don Carroll."

"But my first name is Henry," he said, faintly.

"'Enry—that's not so good. Don Enrico will do. But El Capitan Carroll is best of all. I must have it always, El Capitan Carroll."

"Always?" He colored like a boy.

"Why not?" He was confusedly trying to look through her brown lashes; she was parrying him with the steel of her father's glance. "Come! Well, Captain Carroll? It was not to tell me your name—that I knew already was pretty—Car-roll!" she murmured again, caressing him with her lashes; "it was not for this that you asked me to meet you face to face in this—cold"—she made a movement of drawing her lace over her shoulders—"cold daylight. That belonged to the lights and the dance and the music of last night. It is not for this you expect me to leave my guests, to run away from Monsieur Garnier, who pays compliments, but whose name is not pretty—from Mr. Raymond, who talks *of* me when he can't talk *to* me. They will say this Captain Carroll could say all that before them."

"But if they knew," said the young officer, drawing closer to her with a paling face but brightening eyes—"if they knew I had anything else to say, Miss Saltonstall—something—pardon me—did I hurt your hand?—something for *her* alone—is there one of them that would have the right to object? Do not think me foolish, Miss Saltonstall—but—I beg—I implore you to tell me before I say more."

"Who would have a right?" said Maruja, withdrawing her hand, but not her dangerous eyes. "Who would dare forbid you talking to me of my sister? I have told you that Amita is free—as we all are."

Captain Carroll fell back a few steps, and gazed at her with a troubled face. "Is it possible that you have misunderstood, Miss Saltonstall?" he faltered. "Do you still think it is Amita that I"— He stopped, and added, passionately, "Do you remember what I told you?—have you forgotten last night?"

"Last night was—last night," said Maruja, slightly lifting her shoulders. "One makes love at night—one marries in daylight. In the music, in the flowers, in the moonlight, one says everything; in the morning one has breakfast—when one is not asked to have councils of war with captains and commandants. You would speak of my sister, Captain Car-roll—go on. Doña Amita Carroll sounds very, very pretty. I shall not object." She held out both her hands to him, threw her head back, and smiled.

He seized her hands passionately. "No, no; you shall hear me—you shall understand me. I love *you*, Maruja—you, and you alone. God knows I can not help it—God knows I would not help it if I could. Hear me. I will be calm. No one can hear us where we stand. I am not mad. I am not a traitor. I frankly admired your sister. I came here to see her. Beyond that, I swear to you, I am guiltless to her—to you. Even she knows no more of me than that. I saw you, Maruja. From that moment I have thought of nothing—dreamed of nothing else."

"That is—three, four, five days and one afternoon ago! You see, I remember. And now you want—what?"

"To let me love you, and you only. To let me be with you. To let me win you in time, as you should be won. I am not mad, though I am desperate. I know what is due to your station and mine—even while I dare to say I love you. Let me hope, Maruja—I only ask to hope."

She looked at him until she had absorbed all the burning fever of his eyes, until her ears tingled with his passionate voice, and then—she shook her head.

"It can not be, Carroll—no! never!"

He drew himself up under the blow with such simple and manly dignity that her eyes dropped

for the moment. "There is another, then?" he said, sadly.

"There is no one I care for better than you. No! Do not be foolish. Let me go. I tell you that because you can be nothing to me—you understand, *to me*. To my sister Amita, yes."

The young soldier raised his head coldly. "I have pressed you hard, Miss Saltonstall—too hard, I know, for a man who has already had his answer; but I did not deserve this. Good-by."

"Stop," she said, gently. "I meant not to hurt you, Captain Carroll. If I had, it is not thus I would have done. I need not have met you here. Would you have loved me the less if I had avoided this meeting?"

He could not reply. In the depths of his miserable heart he knew that he would have loved her the same.

"Come," she said, laying her hand softly on his arm, "do not be angry with me for putting you back only five days to where you were when you first entered our house. Five days is not much of happiness or sorrow to forget, is it, Carroll—Captain Carroll?" Her voice died away in a faint sigh. "Do not be angry with me, if—knowing you could be nothing more—I wanted you to love my sister, and my sister to love you. We should have been good friends—such good friends."

"Why do you say, 'knowing it could be nothing more'?" said Carroll, grasping her hand suddenly. "In the name of Heaven, tell me what you mean!"

"I mean I can not marry unless I marry one of my mother's race. That is my mother's wish, and the will of her relations. You are an American, not of Spanish blood."

"But surely this is not your determination?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "What would you? It is the determination of my people."

"But knowing this—" He stopped; the quick blood rose to his face.

"Go on, Captain Carroll. You would say, knowing this, why did I not warn you? Why did I not say to you when we first met, 'You have come to address my sister; do not fall in love with me—I can not marry a foreigner.'"

"You are cruel, Maruja. But, if that is all, surely this prejudice can be removed? Why, your mother married a foreigner—an American."

"Perhaps that is why," said the girl, quietly. She cast down her long lashes, and with the point of her satin slipper smoothed out the soft leaves of the clover at her feet. "Listen; shall I tell you the story of our house? Stop! some one is coming. Don't move; remain as you are. If you care for me, Carroll, collect yourself, and don't let that man think he has found *us* ridiculous." Her voice changed from its tone of slight caressing pleading to one of suppressed pride. "*He* will not laugh much, Captain Carroll; truly, no."

The figure of Garnier, bright, self-possessed, courteous, appeared at the opening of the labyrinth. Too well-bred to suggest, even in complimentary raillery, a possible sentimental situation, his politeness went further. It was so kind in them to guide an awkward stranger by their voices to the places where he could not stupidly intrude.

"You are just in time to interrupt or to hear a story that I have been threatening to tell," she said, composedly; "an old Spanish legend of this house. You are in the majority now, you two, and can stop me if you choose. Thank you. I warn you it is stupid; it isn't new; but it has the excuse of being suggested by this very spot." She cast a quick look of subtle meaning at Carroll, and throughout her recital appealed more directly to him, in a manner delicately yet sufficiently marked to partly soothe his troubled spirit.

"Far back, in the very old times, caballeros," said Maruja, standing by the table in mock solemnity, and rapping upon it with her fan, "this place was the home of the coyote. Big and little, father and mother, Señor and Señora Coyotes, and the little muchacho coyotes, had their home in the dark cañada, and came out over these fields, yellow with wild oats and red with poppies, to seek their prey. They were happy. For why? They were the first; they had no history, you comprehend, no tradition. They married as they liked" (with a glance at Carroll), "nobody objected; they increased and multiplied. But the plains were fertile; the game was plentiful; it was not fit that it should be for the beasts alone. And so, in the course of time, an Indian chief, a heathen, Koorotora, built his wigwam here."

"I beg your pardon," said Garnier, in apparent distress, "but I caught the gentleman's name imperfectly."

Fully aware that the questioner only wished to hear again her musical enunciation of the consonants, she repeated "Koorotora" with an apologetic glance at Carroll, and went on. "This gentleman had no history or tradition to bother him either; whatever Señor Coyote thought of the matter, he contented himself with robbing Señor Koorotora's wigwam when he could, and skulking around the Indian's camp at night. The old chief prospered, and made many journeys round the country, but always kept his camp here. This lasted until the time when the holy Fathers came from the South, and Portala, as you have all read, uplifted the wooden Cross on the seacoast over there, and left it for the heathens to wonder at. Koorotora saw it on one of his journeys, and came back to the cañada full of this wonder. Now Koorotora had a wife."

"Ah, we shall commence now. We are at the beginning. This is better than Señora Coyota," said Garnier, cheerfully.

"Naturally she was anxious to see the wonderful object. She saw it, and she saw the holy Fathers, and they converted her, against the superstitious heathenish wishes of her husband. And more than that, they came here."

"And converted the land also; is it not so? It was a lovely site for a mission," interpolated Garnier, politely.

"They built a mission, and brought as many of Koorotora's people as they could into the sacred fold. They brought them in in a queer fashion sometimes, it is said; dragoons from the Presidio, Captain Carroll, lassoing them and bringing them in at the tails of their horses. All except Koorotora. He defied them; he cursed them and his wife in his wicked, heathenish fashion, and said that they too should lose the mission through the treachery of some woman, and that the coyote should yet prowl through the ruined walls of the church. The holy Fathers pitied the wicked man, and built themselves a lovely garden. Look at that pear-tree. There is all that is left of it."

She turned with a mock-heroic gesture and pointed her fan to the pear-tree. Garnier lifted his hands in equally simulated wonder. A sudden recollection of the coyote of the morning recurred to Carroll uneasily. "And the Indians," he said, with an effort to shake off the feeling; "they too have vanished."

"All that remained of them is in yonder mound. It is the grave of the chief and his people. He never lived to see the fulfillment of his prophecy. For it was a year after his death that our ancestor, Manuel Guitierrez, came from old Spain to the Presidio with a grant of twenty leagues to settle where he chose. Doña Maria Guitierrez took a fancy to the cañada. But it was a site already in possession of the Holy Church. One night, through treachery, it was said, the guards were withdrawn, and the Indians entered the mission, slaughtered the lay brethren, and drove away the priests. The Commandant at the Presidio retook the place from the heathens, but on representation to the Governor that it was indefensible for the peaceful Fathers without a large military guard, the official ordered the removal of the mission to Santa Cruz, and Don Manuel settled his twenty leagues grant in the cañada. Whether he or Doña Maria had anything to do with the Indian uprising no one knows, but Father Pedro never forgave them. He is said to have declared at the foot of the altar that the curse of the Church was on the land, and that it should always pass into the hands of the stranger."

"And that was long ago, and the property is still in the family," said Carroll, hurriedly, answering Maruja's eyes.

"In the last hundred years there have been no male heirs," continued Maruja, still regarding Carroll. "When my mother, who was the eldest daughter, married Don José Saltonstall against the wishes of the family, it was said that the curse would fall. Sure enough, caballeros, it was that year that the forged grants of Micheltorrena were discovered; and in our lawsuit your government, Captain, handed over ten leagues of the *llano* land to the Doctor West, our neighbor."

"Ah! the gray-headed gentleman who lunched here the other day? You are friends, then? You bear no malice?" said Garnier.

"What would you?" said Maruja, with a slight shrug of her shoulders. "He paid his money to the forger. Your corregidores upheld him, and said it was no forgery," she continued, to Carroll.

In spite of the implied reproach, Carroll felt relieved. He began to be impatient of Garnier's presence, and longed to renew his suit. Perhaps his face showed something of this, for Maruja added, with mock demureness: "It's always dreadful to be the eldest sister; but think what it is to be in the direct line of a curse! Now there's Amita; *she's* free to do as she likes, with no family responsibility, while poor me—" She dropped her eyes, but not until they had again sought and half reproved the brightening eyes of Carroll.

"But," said Garnier, with a sudden change from his easy security and courteous indifference to an almost harsh impatience, "you do not mean to say, mademoiselle, that you have the least belief in this rubbish, this ridiculous canard?"

Maruja's straight mouth quickly tightened over her teeth. She shot a significant glance at Carroll, but instantly resumed her former manner.

"It matters little what a foolish girl like myself believes. The rest of the family, even the servants and children, all believe it. It is a part of their religion. Look at these flowers around the pear-tree and scattered on that Indian mound. They regularly find their way there on saints' days and festas. *They* are not rubbish, Monsieur Garnier; they are propitiatory sacrifices. Pereo would believe that a temblor would swallow up the casa if we should ever forego these customary rites. Is it a mere absurdity that forced my father to build these modern additions around the heart of the old adobe house, leaving it untouched, so that the curse might not be fulfilled even by implication?"

She had assumed an air of such pretty earnestness and passion; her satin face was illuminated as by some softly sensuous light within more bewildering than mere color, that Garnier, all devoted eyes and courteous blandishment, broke out:

"But this curse must fall harmlessly before the incarnation of blessing; Miss Saltonstall has no more to fear than the angels. She is the one predestined through her charm, through her goodness, to lift it forever."

Carroll could not have helped echoing the aspirations of his rival, had not the next words of his mistress thrilled him with superstitious terror.

"A thousand thanks, señor. Who knows? But I shall have warning when it falls. A day or two before the awful invader arrives, a coyote suddenly appears in broad daylight, mysteriously, near the casa. This midnight marauder, now banished to the thickest cañon, comes again to prowl around the home of his ancestors. Caramba! Señor Captain, what are you staring at? You frighten me! Stop it, I say!"

She had turned upon him, stamping her little foot in quite a frightened, child-like way.

"Nothing," laughed Carroll, the quick blood returning to his cheek. "But you must not be angry with one for being quite carried away with your dramatic intensity. By Jove! I thought I could see the *whole* thing while you were speaking—the old Indian, the priest, and the coyote." His eyes sparkled. The wild thought had occurred to him that perhaps, in spite of himself, he was the young woman's predestined fate, and in the very selfishness of his passion he smiled at the mere material loss of lands and prestige that would follow it. "Then the coyote has always preceded some change in the family fortunes?" he asked, boldly.

"On my mother's wedding day," said Maruja, in a lower voice, "after the party had come from church to supper in the old casa, my father asked, 'What dog is that under the table?' When they lifted the cloth to look, a coyote rushed from the very midst of the guests, and dashed out across the patio. No one knew how or when he entered."

"Heaven grant that we do not find he has eaten our breakfast!" said Garnier, gayly, "for I judge it is waiting us. I hear your sister's voice among the others crossing the lawn. Shall we tear ourselves away from the tombs of our ancestors, and join them?"

"Not as I am looking now, thank you," said Maruja, throwing the lace over her head. "I shall not submit myself to a comparison of their fresher faces and toilets by you two gentlemen. Go you both and join them. I shall wait and say an *Ave* for the soul of Koorotora, and slip back alone the way I came."

She had steadily evaded the pleading glance of Carroll, and though her bright face and unblemished toilet showed the inefficiency of her excuse, it was evident that her wish to be alone was genuine and without coquetry. They could only lift their hats and turn regretfully away.

As the red cap of the young officer disappeared amidst the evergreen foliage, the young woman uttered a faint sigh, which she repeated a moment after as a slight nervous yawn. Then she opened and shut her fan once or twice, striking the sticks against her little palm, and then, gathering the lace under her oval chin with one hand, and catching her fan and skirt with the other, bent her head and dipped into the bushes. She came out on the other side near a low fence, that separated the park from a narrow lane which communicated with the high-road beyond. As she neared the fence, a slinking figure limped along the lane before her. It was the tramp of the early morning.

They raised their heads at the same moment, and their eyes met. The tramp, in that clearer light, showed a spare but bent figure, roughly clad in a miner's shirt and canvas trousers, splashed and streaked with soil, and half hidden in a ragged blue cast-off army overcoat lazily hanging from one shoulder. His thin, sunburned face was not without a certain sullen suspicious intelligence, and a look of half-sneering defiance. He stopped, as a startled, surly animal might have stopped at some unusual object, but did not exhibit any other discomposure. Maruja stopped at the same moment on her side of the fence.

The tramp looked at her deliberately, and then slowly lowered his eyes. "I'm looking for the San José road, hereabouts. Ye don't happen to know it?" he said, addressing himself to the top of the fence.

It had been said that it was not Maruja's way to encounter man, woman, or child, old or young, without an attempt at subjugation. Strong in her power, and salient with fascination, she leaned gently over the fence, and with the fan raised to her delicate ear, made him repeat his question under the soft fire of her fringed eyes. He did so, but incompletely, and with querulous laziness.

"Lookin'—for—San José road—here'bouts."

"The road to San José," said Maruja, with gentle slowness, as if not unwilling to protract the conversation, "is about two miles from here. It is the high-road to the left fronting the plain. There is another way, if—"

"Don't want it! Mornin'."

He dropped his head suddenly forward, and limped away in the sunlight.

CHAPTER III.

Breakfast, usually a movable feast at La Mision Perdida, had been prolonged until past midday; the last of the dance guests had flown, and the home party, with the exception of Captain Carroll, who had returned to duty at his distant post, were dispersing, some as riding cavalcades to neighboring points of interest, some to visit certain remarkable mansions which the wealth of a rapid civilization had erected in that fertile valley. One of these in particular, the work of a breathless millionaire, was famous for the spontaneity of its growth and the reckless extravagance of its appointments.

"If you go to Aladdin's Palace," said Maruja, from the top step of the south porch, to a wagonette of guests, "after you've seen the stables with mahogany fittings for one hundred horses, ask Aladdin to show you the enchanted chamber inlaid with California woods and paved with gold quartz."

"We would have a better chance if the Princess of China would only go with us," pleaded Garnier, gallantly.

"The Princess will stay at home with her mother, like a good girl," returned Maruja, demurely.

"A bad shot of Garnier's this time," whispered Raymond to Buchanan, as the vehicle rolled away with them. "The Princess is not likely to visit Aladdin again."

"Why?"

"The last time she was there Aladdin was a little too Persian in his extravagance; offered her his house, stables, and himself."

"Not a bad catch; why, he's worth two millions, I hear."

"Yes; but his wife is as extravagant as himself."

"His *wife*, eh? Ah, are you serious, or must you say something derogatory of the lassie's admirers too?" said Buchanan, playfully threatening him with his cane. "Another word, and I'll throw you from the wagon."

After their departure the outer shell of the great house fell into a profound silence, so hollow and deserted that one might have thought the curse of Koorotora had already descended upon it. Dead leaves of roses and fallen blossoms from the long line of vine-wreathed columns lay thick on the empty stretch of brown veranda, or rustled and crept against the sides of the house when the regular breath of the afternoon "trades" began to arise. A few cardinal-flowers fell like drops of blood before the open windows of the vacant ball-room, in which the step of a solitary servant echoed faintly. It was Maruja's maid, bringing a note to her young mistress, who, in a flounced morning dress, leaned against the window. Maruja took it, glanced at it quietly, folded it in a long fold, and put it openly in her belt. Captain Carroll, from whom it came, might have carried one of his dispatches as methodically. The waiting-woman noticed the act, and was moved to suggest some more exciting confidences.

"The Doña Maruja has, without doubt, noticed the bouquet on her dressing-room table from the Señor Garnier?"

The Doña Maruja had. The Doña Maruja had also learned with pain that, bribed by Judas-like coin, Faquita had betrayed the secrets of her wardrobe to the extent of furnishing a ribbon from a certain yellow dress to the Señor Buchanan to match with a Chinese fan. This was intolerable.

Faquita writhed in remorse, and averred that through this solitary act she had dishonored her family.

The Doña Maruja, however, since it was so, felt that the only thing left to do was to give her the polluted dress, and trust that the devil might not fly away with her.

Leaving the perfectly consoled Faquita, Maruja crossed the large hall, and opening a small door, entered a dark passage through the thick adobe wall of the old casa, and apparently left the present century behind her. A peaceful atmosphere of the past surrounded her not only in the low vaulted halls terminating in grilles or barred windows, not only in the square chambers, whose dark rich but scanty furniture was only a foil to the central elegance of the lace-bordered bed and pillows, but in a certain mysterious odor of dried and desiccated religious respectability that penetrated everywhere, and made the grateful twilight redolent of the generations of forgotten Guitierrezes who had quietly exhaled in the old house. A mist as of incense and flowers that had lost their first bloom veiled the vista of the long corridor, and made the staring blue sky, seen through narrow windows and loop-holes, glitter like mirrors let into the walls. The chamber assigned to the young ladies seemed half oratory and half sleeping-room, with a strange mingling of the convent in the bare white walls, hung only with crucifixes and religious emblems, and of the seraglio in the glimpses of lazy figures, reclining in the deshabille of short silken saya, low camisa, and dropping slippers. In a broad angle of the corridor giving upon the patio, its balustrade hung with brightly colored serapes and shawls, surrounded by voluble domestics and relations, the mistress of the casa half reclined in a hammock, and gave her noon-day audience.

Maruja pushed her way through the clustered stools and cushions to her mother's side, kissed her on the forehead, and then lightly perched herself like a white dove on the railing. Mrs. Saltonstall, a dark, corpulent woman, redeemed only from coarseness by a certain softness of expression and refinement of gesture, raised her heavy brown eyes to her daughter's face.

"You have not been to bed, Mara?"

"No, dear. Do I look it?"

"You must lie down presently. They tell me that Captain Carroll returned suddenly this morning."

"Do you care?"

"Who knows? Amita does not seem to fancy José, Estebàn, Jorge, or any of her cousins. She won't look at Juan Estudillo. The Captain is not bad. He is of the government. He is—"

"Not more than ten leagues from here," said Maruja, playing with the Captain's note in her belt. "You can send for him, dear little mother. He will be glad."

"You will ever talk lightly, like your father. She was not then grieved—our Amita—eh?"

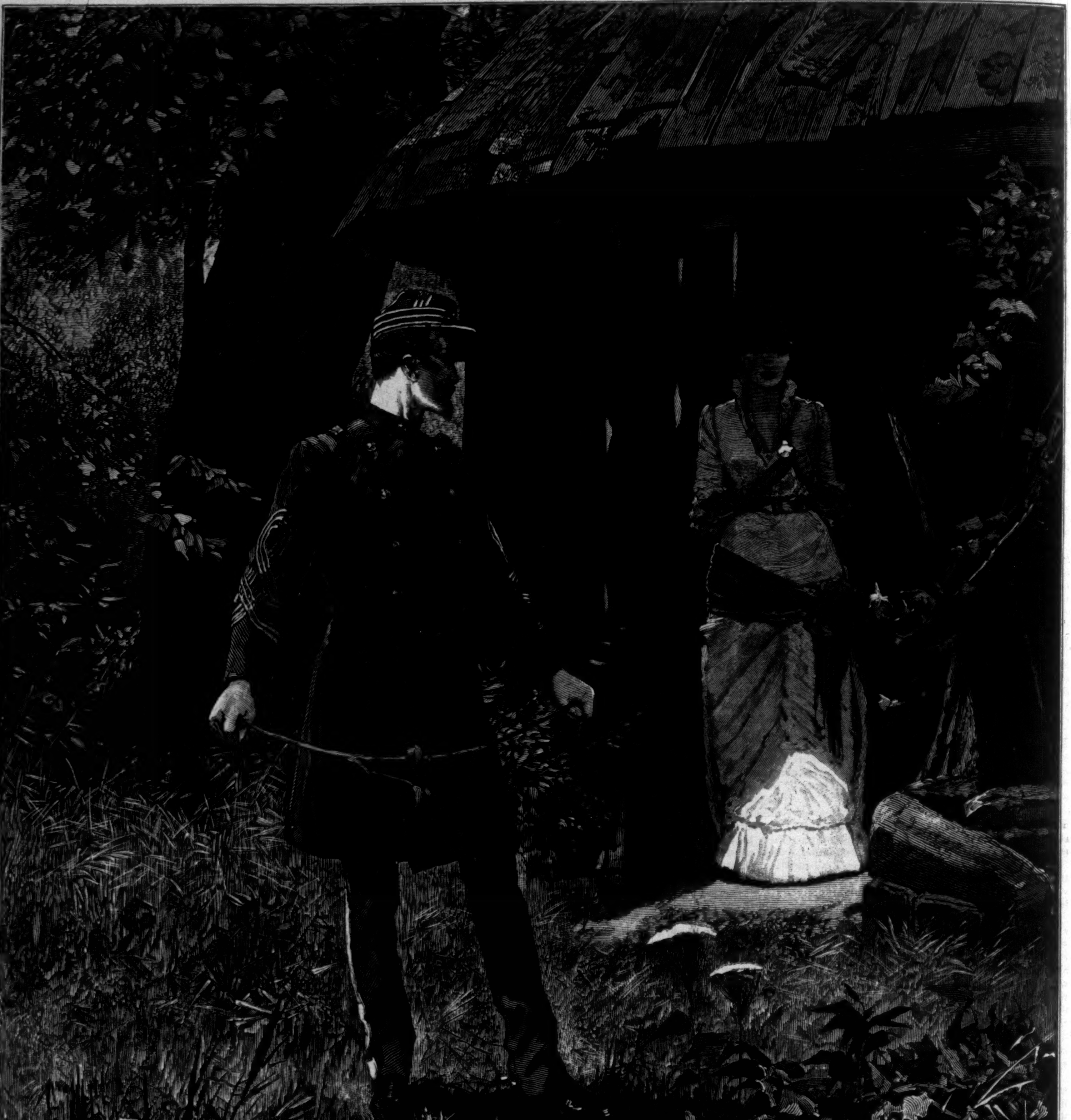
"She and Dorotea and the two Wilsons went off with Raymond and your Scotch friend in the wagonette. She did not cry—to Raymond."

"Good," said Mrs. Saltonstall, leaning back in her hammock. "Raymond is an old friend. You had better take your siesta now, child, to be bright for dinner. I expect a visitor this afternoon—Dr. West."

"Again! What will Pereo say, little mother?"

"Pereo," said the widow, sitting up again in her hammock, with a certain massive impatience—"Pereo is becoming intolerable. The man is as mad as Don Quixote; it is impossible to conceal his eccentric impertinence and interference from strangers, who can not understand his confidential position in our house for his long service. There are no more mayordomos, child. The Vallejos, the Briones, the Castros, do without them now. Dr. West says, wisely, they are ridiculous survivals of the patriarchal system."

"And can be replaced by intelligent strangers," interrupted Maruja, demurely.



"'CAPTAIN CARROLL!' THE VOICE HAD BEEN AND WAS TO HIM THE SWEETEST IN THE WORLD."

"The more easily if the patriarchal system has not been able to preserve the respect due from children to parents. No, Maruja! No; I am offended. Do not touch me! And your hair is coming down, and your eyes have rings like owls. You uphold this fanatical Pereo because he leaves *you* alone and stalks your poor sisters and their escorts like the Indian, whose blood is in his veins. The saints only can tell if he did not disgust this Captain Carroll into flight. He believes himself the sole custodian of the honor of our family—that he has a sacred mission from this Don Fulano of Koorotora to avert its fate."

"But you have encouraged him in his confidential position here," said Maruja. "You forget, my mother, how you got him to 'dueña' Enriquite with the Colonel Brown, how you let him frighten the young Englishman who was too attentive to Dorotea, how you set him even upon poor Raymond, and failed so dismally that I had to take him myself in hand."

"But if I choose to charge him with explanations that I can not make myself without derogating from the time-honored hospitality of the casa, that is another thing. It is not," said Doña Maria, with a certain massive dignity that, inconsistent as it was with the weakness of her argument, was not without impressiveness, "it is not yet, Blessed Santa Maria, that we are obliged to take notice ourself of the pretensions of every guest beneath our roof, like the match-making, daughter-selling English and Americans. And *then* Pereo had tact and discrimination. Now he is mad. There are strangers and strangers. The whole valley is full of them; one can discriminate, since the old families year by year are growing less."

"Surely not," said Maruja, innocently. "There is the excellent Ramierrez, who has lately almost taken him a wife from the singing-hall in San Francisco; he may yet be snatched from the fire. There is the youthful José Castro, the sole patrono of our national bull-fight at Soquel, the famous horse-breaker, and the winner of I know not how many races. And have we not Vincente Peralta, who will run, it is said, for the American Congress? He can read and write—truly I have a letter from him here." She turned back the folded slip of Captain Carroll's note and discovered another below.

Mrs. Saltonstall tapped her daughter's hand with her fan. "You jest at them, yet you uphold Pereo! Go, now, and sleep yourself into a better frame of mind. Stop! I hear the Doctor's horse. Run and see that Pereo receives him properly."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLONEL CHARLES DENBY, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHINA.
[See Page 382.]

J. EDWARD SIMMONS, RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

PRESIDENT SIMMONS, OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Mr. J. Edward Simmons, who was re-elected President of the New York Stock Exchange for the year 1885-6, achieved distinguished financial success and gained useful prominence in more lines of activity than one at an unusually early age.

He was born in Troy, New York, in September, 1841, and was graduated at Williams College, a member of the class of '62. He chose the law as his profession, and having attended the Albany Law School, he was admitted to practice in 1863. After a few years, however, he developed so decided a taste for commercial pursuits that he abandoned a very hopeful practice of the law and removed to New York city. Here, as a banker and broker, his success was so great that in 1872 he retired from active business with an ample fortune, at the age of thirty-one. In 1884 he was elected President of the Stock Exchange. At that time he was unknown to a majority of the members of the Exchange, and there was a sharp contest. But his administration of his responsible office was so efficient and popular that at his recent re-election he received more votes than had ever before been cast for a candidate for the presidency of the Exchange.

Mr. Simmons has not devoted himself entirely to commercial pursuits, and his activity and public spirit have made him prominent in other than financial circles. For four years he has been an energetic member of the Board of Education, and he has done appreciative work for the improvement and extension of the system of public schools. He is also one of the most accomplished and prominent members of the Masonic Fraternity in New York. In 1883 he was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State.

In every position of trust that Mr. Simmons has held his executive ability and his diligent attention to his duties have gained for him the reputation of an admirable officer.

CHARLES M. VAIL, PRESIDENT OF THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE.
Photographed by Kurtz.—[See Page 375.]

SIEGFRIED GRUNER, PRESIDENT OF THE COTTON EXCHANGE.
Photographed by Navary, Paris.—[See Page 375.]

THE NEW MINISTER TO CHINA.

On May 29 President Cleveland appointed Colonel Charles Denby, of Indiana, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to China. Colonel Denby is a Virginian by birth, having been born in Bottetourt County in 1831. He received his collegiate training at Georgetown College, where his academic record was so excellent that the recollection of it has been handed down by successive classes of students to the present, and it yet remains unapproached. Afterward he was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. At the age of twenty-two he removed to Evansville, Indiana, where he began the practice of the law, and has ever since resided. His professional career has suffered no interruption, except during his three years' service in the Union army. He rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-second Indiana Regiment, and was twice wounded in battle.

Colonel Denby has been a student of politics rather than an active politician. His views on public affairs, and even on party questions, however, have always been decided and well known. In a modest way he has acquired great local influence as a Democrat. He has been a member of the Indiana Legislature, but he has never become prominent or even well known in national politics. He once refused to be elected to Congress from the First Indiana District. He has led a quiet and studious life, and he is said to be an accomplished French and Spanish scholar. He has given such attention to Oriental affairs as to be as familiar as a man can become at a distance with the political and commercial questions that may now present themselves to him. The Republicans who know him, as well as his Democratic friends, pronounce his appointment a good one.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

VERY SATISFACTORY IN PROSTRATION.

Dr. P. P. Gilmartin, Detroit, Mich., says: "I have found it very satisfactory in its effects, notably in the prostration attendant upon alcoholism."—[*Adv.*]

When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.—[*Adv.*]

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May be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine. Housekeepers should insist upon obtaining Burnett's Flavoring Extracts; they are the best.—[*Adv.*]

A "trial package" of Billousine will be sent by mail to any address upon receipt of a two-cent postage stamp. Billousine is a sure cure for Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, and Malaria. Snow & Earle, Providence, R. I.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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Costiveness, Headache, and many kindred forms of disease, are among the natural results of a disordered condition of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, and may be cured by the use of Ayer's Pills. W. H. Strout, Meadville, Pa., writes: "I was troubled with Indigestion, Constipation, and Headache, for years. A few boxes of

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IS IT CANCER?

DR. FERDINAND SEEGER THINKS IT IS, AND THAT GENERAL GRANT'S PHYSICIANS ARE THOROUGHLY CAPABLE MEN.

COCA OR COCAINE AS A REMEDY.

In reply to his opinion, Dr. Seeger, who is a specialist in diseases of the throat and chest, said that he deemed the strictures in the newspapers as unjust and uncalled for. In so far as his information enabled him to judge, he believed that General Grant is suffering from a cancerous affection of the throat. "Malignant disease of the throat, as a rule, selects the very parts which appear to be affected," said the doctor. "But even if I had no data," said Dr. Seeger, "the mere fact that such men as Barker, Sands, Shrady, and Douglass have united in pronouncing it epithelioma is sufficient. During the period of my service as Chief Physician of the Hahneman Hospital, Medical Director of the Northeastern Surgical Dispensary, and Chief Surgeon of the N. Y. Throat Infirmary, and in the course of my private practice, a number of these cases have come under my observation. Ten years ago I made my first trials with Coca in throat cancer with samples supplied to me by the Liebig Company, and the result surprised me. I then began to use the Coca very extensively, and finally became so enthusiastic regarding it that I grew to be a sort of laughing-stock among the doctors. My distinguished colleague, Professor E. M. Hale, of Chicago, who also drew his samples of Coca from the Liebig Company, became equally enthusiastic. Cocoaine is simply a form of Coca. Sir Robert Christison, one of Her Majesty's Physicians, is another of the few who at an early date recognized the remarkable powers of the Coca."

It will no doubt be pleasant to the physicians in attendance upon General Grant to hear that their diagnosis and treatment has the approval of one who has been regarded as a foremost specialist in throat affections. Dr. Seeger is an Honorary Member of the Imperial Medical Society of St. Petersburg, Honorary Member of the Royal Adolphotes Syllogus of Athens, Greece, and of many other foreign scientific bodies. He translated Professor Sieber's celebrated work on the Art of Singing (Scientific Supplement of the *Rural Quarterly*).

THE OPINION OF

SIR ROBERT CHRISTISON,

Physician to Her Majesty the Queen, etc., etc.

Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic with sherry wine, iron, and quinine is a remarkable preparation. It contains the nutritive elements of the muscular fibre, blood, bone, and brain of carefully selected healthy bullocks dissolved in rare old sherry wine. To be precise, each tablespoonful contains the nutritive elements of one ounce of choice beef, one grain and a half of *pure* quinine, and two grains of iron. It also embodies a concentrated extract of coca, a South American tonic of which Sir Robert Christison, M.D., F.R.S., physician to Her Majesty the Queen, says: "The properties of this wonderful plant are the most remarkable of any known in the medical world. From repeated personal trials I am convinced that its use is highly beneficial and tonic."

FROM

Prof. GRANVILLE, Ph.D.,

Fellow of the Royal Chemical Society of London, Fellow Royal Institute of Chemistry, etc., etc.

LIEBIG CO.'S

COCA BEEF TONIC

Speedily relieved and cured me of debility, consequent upon indigestion and malaria. Others who have used it upon my recommendation are equally emphatic in behalf of its real merits and excellence.

FROM

Mr. HENRY ARTHUR HERBERT,

Ex-Member of Parliament, Proprietor of the Famous Lakes of Killarney, etc., etc.

"Muckross Abbey, Killarney.

LIEBIG CO.'S

COCA BEEF TONIC

Deserves all the praise it is receiving."

PROFESSOR DUNCAN CAMPBELL, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., President Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Member General Council University of Edinburgh, etc., etc., says: "Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic has more than realized my expectations."

PROFESSOR JOHN M. CARNOCHAN, M.D., Surgeon-in-Chief N. Y. State Hospitals, Professor Surgery N. Y. Medical College, ex-Health Officer Port of New York, etc., says: "My patients derive marked and decided benefit from the Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic."

PROFESSOR F. W. HUNT, M.D., LL.D., Honorary Member Imperial Medical Society of St. Petersburg, Russia, Professor of Practice of Medicine, etc., etc., says: "Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic is far superior to the fashionable and illusive preparations of beef, wine, and iron."

PROFESSOR H. GOULLON, M.D., LL.D., Physician to the Grand Duke of Saxony, Knight of the Iron Cross, etc., etc., says: "It gives more tone than anything I have ever prescribed."

"My practice is among women; with worn-out, run-down, debilitated, overworked school-teachers, milliners, dressmakers, and other classes of self-supporting women, and they all require a good tonic. I have prescribed gallons and gallons of tonics, but none of them are equal to yours. It is positively the best of any which I have ever taken myself or ordered for my patients."—Opinion of DR. S. E. BROWN (27 Columbus Avenue, Boston) of the Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic.

"I have had the most unfailing success among hundreds of my broken-down and nervous lady patients by the use of Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic," says DR. GEORGE E. CLARK, 801 Tremont Street, Boston.

MALARIA.

Frederick City, Md., Sept. 19, 1882.

Messrs. Liebig Co., 38 Murray Street, New York:

Gentlemen,—I have used one bottle of your Coca Beef Tonic, and have derived so much benefit from it that I desire, without your solicitation, to express my appreciation of it. A week ago I was threatened with malarial fever, superinduced by malaria, impoverished blood, and nervous prostration, and I became quickly reduced to 142 pounds. On Monday, the 11th, I began taking your Coca Beef Tonic, and from the first dose began to improve, as my weight to-day (150½ pounds) and buoyancy of spirits attest. . . . Again thanking you, I am,

Respectfully yours, WM. L. SCHAEFFER.

N.B.—It was recommended to me by our leading physician, DR. A. A. ROTH, who has used hundreds of bottles in his extensive practice, and he can attest to the above.

The *American Homœopathic Observer* says:

LIEBIG CO.'S

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is fully deserving of the praise it is receiving from medical men of all schools. It is vastly superior to the beef tonics and extracts which are so assiduously puffed.

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preparations have attained a world-wide reputation. . . . We would especially recommend the Coca Beef Tonic with Iron and Quinine. The bitter taste of the Quinine is completely covered, and it makes the most palatable preparation of Quinine for administering to delicate women and children that we are acquainted with. We have used it in the cases of children extensively, and always to our entire satisfaction.—LEONARD'S MEDICAL JOURNAL.

To children with marasmus I have given it with decided benefit. . . . It is of great utility in dyspepsia. . . . also a most powerful and agreeable stimulant to the brain and nervous system.

WM. C. RICHARDSON, M.D., LL.D.,
President of St. Louis Clinic of Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children.

THE WORTHLESSNESS OF MUCH OF THE COCA AS SOLD TO THE PUBLIC ILLUSTRATED BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

Dedham, Me.

To the Liebig Company.

Gentlemen,—Your agent left me a bottle of your Coca Beef Tonic for me to try. I took it myself, as I had been sick for a number of months with a lung affection, and was not able to practise. It helped me very much—so much so that I am now about as well as usual. I have since given it to a number of patients, and it has benefited every case. I am indeed most thankful that it came to my hands. *I had tried different preparations of Coca before, but had no effects from them.*

H. S. PHENIX, M.D.

U. S. Government Printing Office,
Washington, D. C., Sept. 10th, 1884.

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I have since then recommended it to a great many employés here with the most surprising and satisfactory results *every time.*

In a case of bleeding of the lungs I suggested a trial, and the rapid building up of strength was wonderful. It is the most sovereign remedy I have ever known.

Yours very truly, F. MUNSON,
Ass't Superintendent.

SIR JAMES PAGET, President British Medical Association, says that 70,000 deaths are annually caused by nervous disease in England; and that there is no more powerful and agreeable nerve tonic than the Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic is evidenced by the emphatic testimony of the most eminent physicians.

PROFESSOR C. H. WILKINSON, Editor *Medical and Surgical Record*, says: "The Coca Beef Tonic of the Liebig Company, combined as it is with Coca, quinine, and iron, forms a most valuable adjunct to the practice of medicine. From the experience we have had with it, we are forced to speak in its favor and to recommend its use. Beef, iron, and quinine cannot be surpassed by any other three ingredients in or out of the dispensatory for invigorating an enfeebled system, and when such remedies can be obtained combined from so reliable a house as Liebig's, it behooves the profession to patronize the same to the fullest extent.

INTERESTING TO THE AGED AND INFIRM.

DR. F. G. COOK, of Rockland, Me., a physician of recognized eminence, writes that "notwithstanding the fact that the Liebig Company's circulars bear the impress of honesty and truthfulness, I had my misgivings; but, after a faithful and conscientious trial, gladly bear testimony in behalf of the great value of its Coca Beef Tonic. I prescribed it to a lady 85 years old, who was completely broken down with the infirmities of years, unable to leave her bed, etc. She, soon after taking the tonic, was able to leave her bed, to be about the house, and has so far recovered her pristine health as to be able to travel a distance of 60 miles on a visit to her daughter."

CAUTION!

Certain unscrupulous druggists, who are trying to take advantage of the Liebig Company's reputation, endeavor, whenever Liebig Company's Coca Beef Tonic is called for, to foist products of their own upon unwary purchasers, and to which they have given artfully-worded names well calculated to deceive. Beware of such tradesmen! If they will cheat you in one thing, they will in others. Such men will risk life by putting inferior compounds into prescriptions. Deal only with men who honestly give you what you call for.

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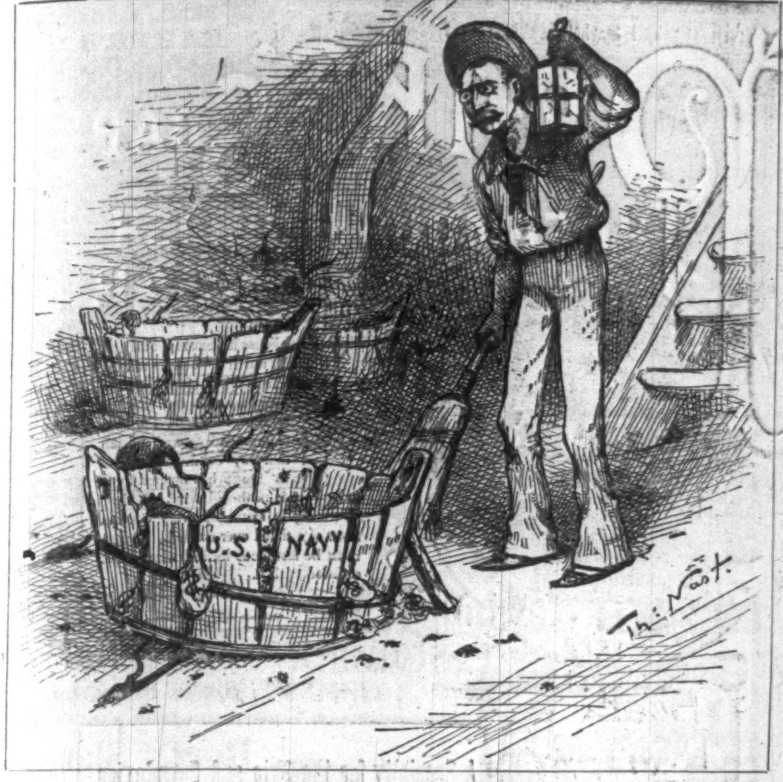

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